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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

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No. 9

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The Dangerous Age

Ralph M. Thomson

GOD save the State, if we who pose as men,
And brag of attributes that make the name,
Shall, redolent of odors of the fen,
Sink heart-deep in the slough, and share the shame
Of European perverts, pulsing sin,
Who seem to live to prostitute the good,
To ravish Modesty, to daub her skin,
And profanate unsullied womanhood!

God help the land, if we who loudly boast
Undying fealty to her proud flag,
Shall countenance their insults; or, at most,
But feebly challenge every scalawag
Of alien birth, who, stripped of decency,
In brazen manner brevets some vile tome
A work of art, pops at Divinity,
And hurls grenades of filth against the home!

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Mysterious Disappearance of My Books

WHEN preparing to leave Thomson, during the last week in December, 1912, I carefully selected about thirty of my authorities on the Roman Catholic Hierarchy.

These volumes were absolutely essential to a continuance of the series of chapters entitled "*The History of the Popes and the Papacy.*"

They were also indispensable to my South and West serial.

The box containing these books was delievered to the Georgia Railroad depot in Thomson, and was supposed to have left Thomson the day after I did.

The box has been lost. Somewhere between Thomson and Jacksonville, it disappeared.

In vain, have I exhausted every effort to have the books traced.

Some of those volumes are out of print.

It might be years before I could secure other copies.

Some of them, I may never be able to replace.

Under all the circumstances, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that there has been *foul play.*

For a box of books to be lost in transit, between Thomson and Jacksonville, and to remain lost for nearly thirty days, is a very suspicious circumstance.

Our readers will understand why the serials are temporarily suspended.

I think, however, the Cardinal Gibbons letter in this number of the magazine will be found unusually interesting.

T. E. W.

Some Thoughts on Charles Dickens and His Work

Chapter I.

WHEN I went over to Macon, Ga., in the Fall of 1872, to enter the Freshman Class, the literary world was still mourning the loss of Charles Dickens. At that time I did not know there was anything wrong with his private life.

One day in the room of the Professor of Mathematics—Prof. Shelton P. Sandford—I overheard a conversation between the Professor and a visitor who was expatiating upon the glorious creations of Dickens.

The Professor said, in his genial, kindly tones, "It will always be a reproach to Dickens, the way he treated his wife." The other agreed.

What *was* the trouble in the Dickens household?

The skeleton has been almost as com-

pletely concealed as was that in the private life of the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham.

However, we can be reasonably certain that Chatham was the victim of periodical dementia; and we have little doubt that Dickens loved his wife's sister better than he loved his wife.

Strange to say, in John Foster's voluminous and admirable "Life of Dickens," we learn nothing of the origin, progress and final results of the household tragedy.

It is the wife's sister who accompanies Dickens on his travels: it is the wife's sister who takes part in those latter-day theatricals which killed him: it is the wife's sister who catches him as he falls, dying, in the dinner room, on the last day, at Gadshill.

So far as the Forster biography is concerned, the domestic life of Dickens is "waived;" and the wife who had borne the children and *endured with him the days of poverty and obscurity*, fades from view, entirely.

Bulwer, Byron, Scott, Landor, Shelley, Coleridge, Milton, Addison, Shakespeare—Dickens! It is an almost unbroken story of literary *mismatches*.

* * * * *

In the novels of Dickens, and in his biography, we cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that he pitied himself, profoundly, on account of the comparative neglect and hardship he suffered when a boy. On this subject he was morbid. In "David Copperfield," particularly, he dwells upon the woes of his youth.

His readers are expected to weep when we find him put to work, in the warehouse, rinsing bottles. Oh heavens! rinsing bottles!!!

(Shades of Buzzy Fuzzy—"My God! Catsup and tomato sauce!")

To make the rinsing of empty bottles all the more a degradation to the noble Dickens, his companions at the work are Mealy Potatoes and Mike.

Dickens was very sore upon this point: even with his intimate friends he was uncommunicative. Every time his mind dwelt upon the empty bottles and upon Mealy Potatoes, his feelings were too deep for utterance.

Broad as were Dickens' sympathies, he had no pity for his wretched companions in the ware-house drudgery: his pity was lavished upon himself, alone.

In this unconscious self-revelation, we have a vivid view of the structural defect in Dickens' character: he was, with all his kind geniality, *intensely selfish*, and he was an incurable *snob*.

For my part, I feel as sorry for Mealy Potatoes as I do for Dickens, when I behold them cleaning those empty bottles; and I really would be glad to learn that Mealy and Mike rose to better things, even as Dickens did.

We have no evidence that Charles Dickens, the famous and the rich, ever sought to trace the poor boys who worked with him, and who were his friends at the time of his life when *he* was as poor and as friendless as the Mealys and the Mikes. On the contrary, he showed an unmanly shame for that early labor and for those early companions.

It may be my obtuseness, or it may be my moral obliquity—but *I* can't see what it is that is peculiarly disgraceful in rinsing empty bottles, or in associating with honest, hardworking lads who happen to be obliged to work for a living, in the basement of a ware-house.

* * * * *

Dickens seemed to believe that it was by a sort of miracle that he rose from poverty and obscurity, to fame and ease of circumstances.

On the contrary, the greater number of the world's great men had a similar experience. You can count the exceptions on your fingers.

The great soldiers, conquerors and rulers came from the lower ranks—

excepting Alexander and Cæsar. The scholars, the philosophers, the law-givers were men of the humbler walks of life—excepting Marcus Aurelius and Plato. The founders of religions—those religions which still rule the world, were poor men—men who, in our legal phraseology, would be called "vagabonds."

With the exception of Lord Byron, Congreve and Shelley, nearly all of the British poets were the sons of the "groundlings."

As to the British novelists—Smollett, Defoe, Fielding, Reade, Thackeray, Scott, etc.—they were of the common people, working their way painfully upward, pinched by poverty, and sometimes lacking the necessaries of life. In one or two of these cases, there is reason to believe that the immortal authors perished of literal starvation. Chatterton was not by any means the only English genius who died in a garret, like a famished rat.

Consequently, one grows somewhat impatient of the self-pityings of the robust Charles Dickens—a lad who really had quite a commonplace experience in making his way in the world.

* * * * *

Was Dickens too fond of Money? Did his noble character exhibit that flaw?

We are forced to admit that it did. Throughout the bulky work of his friend, John Forster, we find the dreary, long-drawn-out squabble with the publishers over the copyrights.

Dickens, the unknown, had been only too glad to be paid a certain sum of money for the copyrights of untried books.

The experiment having proved a success, and the unknown Dickens having became the "best-seller" of the day, the author bewailed his lack of foresight in having sold out so cheaply. (Natural, but not heroic.)

Then followed tedious, exasperating negotiations with hard-headed publishers, who, knowing that they had a good thing, wanted a good price for it. (Natural, but not magnanimous.)

They got their price, and it seems that later results proved that Dickens, in the second bargain, had *overrated* the value of said copyrights, as in the first bargain he had underrated them.

But the most convincing evidence that Dickens was too fond of money is furnished by his tours of theatrical "readings," which were the feature of his later years.

In vain, his friends—those who loved him—remonstrated against these theatrical performances.

There was "big money" in them, and Dickens was not to be restrained.

These "readings" called him to all parts of England, Scotland and the United States. The regularity of his life was broken up. The excitement exhausted his nervous system. He had to put up with all sorts of hotel shortcomings and variations. He went through all the exposures and discomforts of railway and steamboat travel. He had to leave his bed to catch trains at the beastliest hours of the night. He had to risk his throat and lungs in all the different kinds of "holes" and theatres and auditoriums.

The life was killing, and it killed him. But in his letters to his confidential friend, Forster, there is the ever recurring whoop, as to the huge amount of money he was making.

His physician, Sir Thomas Watson, M. D., had long ago warned Dickens to give up this stage-work—this feverish, life-consuming chase of the dollar—but the wise doctor's admonitions fell on deaf ears.

It may be that the unhappiness of Dickens' home had much to do with driving him away from it, but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the love of quick riches was the real lure.

"I made $150,000 on this American tour," said Dickens, in effect, when

writing one of his last letters to Forster.

So he did: and then he went home to die, prematurely. For him, there was to be no beautiful afternoon, no peaceful resting on the oars, no resigned gazing upon the setting sun—no such lovely old age as we have seen and admired in so many brilliant careers.

He gave his splendid vitality for American dollars; bought himself a very modest house at Gadshill: worked there for a brief space; and was dying while he lived, because he realized that the richer part of his genius was already dead.

I cannot imagine a misery more full of unutterable grief than *that.*

And what went with those dollars, those pounds, shillings and pence, for which Charles Dickens bartered his glorious life?

I do not know: but I read in the newspapers, a few days ago, that the grand-daughters of the great novelist were acknowledging with proper gratitude the receipt of a dividend from *a charitable fund*, that had been raised here in America, for the relief of these beggared descendants of Charles Dickens.

Open Letters to Cardinal Gibbons

No. 9

My Dear Prince:

DO you believe that one man has the right to sell another?

You will certainly answer: "No."

Do you believe one man has the right to maim another?

You will probably answer: "No."

Yet, your church has, for ages, been exercising the right to castrate little boys to preserve that falsetto-soprano voice which is so conspicuous in your choir service.

You have had much to say about the martyrdoms of the early Christians. In paintings which are immortal, you have pictured upon canvas the agonies of those who were doomed by cruel emperors to suffer for their faith.

Did you never stop to think that there are some misfortunes which men consider worse than death?

When your fanatical monks seized upon the liberal, progressive scholar, Abelard, and desexualized him, the enlightened world was horrified.

The literature of after-ages rang with the reproach of it.

But, it was considered an isolated case.

The fact is, it was not an isolated case.

Your church makes a regular business of the unnatural crime of depriving males of their manhood.

Go to a full-sexed, full-blooded man of today, and put the question to him —when he has the mumps, for instance —and he will tell you he would just as lief be dead, as to lose his virility.

I know this, because I have had strong men tell me so.

I know this, because I feel that way about it myself.

Deprived of an integral part of my manhood, I would despise the pitiable remnant.

Of course this does not apply to born eunuchs, for they never knew the glory of full manhood.

Such men as John Randolph, James Buchanan, Thomas Carlyle, Charles

Ruskin and even Frederick the Great are pitied by the full-sexed because those imperfect individuals could never know the opulent enjoyment of perfect masculinity.

How great, then, must be the crime of the priest and the church, when a full-sexed boy is mutilated.

Such a boy had the right to love and be loved.

He had the right to woo and to win some maiden who captured his heart.

He had the right to take such maiden to wife and to have a home circle, made musical, and bright, and happy with the prattle and caresses of children.

Cardinal, don't you think it was an awful crime against humanity to seize that boy and castrate him?

Was it not more cruel than to have thrown him to the lions in the arena?

Out of mere vanity, the desire to have better music in your choirs than other churches can furnish, you have deliberately, and for ages, sacrificed full-sexed youths, in defiance of the laws of man and of God, committing a felony, punishable by a term in the penitentiary, and annulling the decree of God, who gave that masculine equipment to the boy, in order that he might mate with some congenial woman, and bring forth children to perpetuate the human species.

Cardinal, you dare not deny this accusation.

You know it to be the literal truth.

How can you defend it?

I challenge you to attempt to defend it.

* * * * *

Cardinal, do you deny that it is a practice in some of your convents, where girls are kept at school, to dose them on a preparation which prevents menstruation?

I challenge you to deny it, and I invite you to defend it.

What right has your church to interfere with the course of Nature?

What right have your priests and your nuns to set aside the laws of God, in order to save a laundry bill, and some possible disability from labor?

The laws of Nature and of God cannot be violated with impunity.

To every such violation, a penalty is attached.

When you suppress the monthly illness of adolescent girls and of young women, you assume a frightful responsibility.

Who pays the penalty?

Not your bachelor petticoated hypocrites, who perpetrate this outrage upon the other sex.

It is *the woman* who pays, as usual. Either in the mad-house, or upon the doleful list of the incurable invalids, the victim of your hellish methods has to pay outraged Nature's inexorable penalty.

* * * * *

Cardinal, you are a Jesuit.

You took an oath to persecute such men as I.

Through the Knights of Columbus you are doing it.

Using the powerful machinery of the Federal Government, you and the Knights of Columbus are trying to crush an individual.

What is my offense?

I sent through the mails, *one chapter* of a book which your church has been sending through the mails for decades.

That chapter was taken from a book, from which your theological students are taught their duties.

That chapter tells the theological students what questions they must ask of married women, and of maidens when they come to confess their sins to you, in the privacy of the confessional box.

YOU say those questions constitute obscene literature, and that they should not be sent through the mails.

You say I should be put in the peni-

tentiary, because The Jeffersonian Publishing Company sent those questions through the mails.

What, then, should be done to the priests who defile the ears and the souls of womanhood with those vile questions?

If those questions constitute obscene literature, are not your priests guilty of using obscene language in the presence of females, when they ask those vile questions of Roman Catholic wives, sisters and daughters?

If I am to be punished because my company mailed those questions, ought not your priests to be punished for using that obscene language in the presence and hearing of females?

* * * * *

To show you, Cardinal, what a false position you are putting the Federal Government in, let me call your attention to the fact that even those nasty questions which your priests ask of Roman Catholic wives, mothers, daughters and sisters, are not more obscene than some of the publications which the Federal Government itself puts in book form and sends through the mails.

In the reports which reveal the awful conditions brought upon the Philippine Islands by the Roman Catholic friars, there is a world of filth and obscenity. (Consult Senate Document 190).

In the reports on the White Slave traffic, and on living conditions in these United States, there is a world of filth and obscenity.

Never a day passes that the U. S. Government does not carry through its mails, such books as Defoe's "Roxalama," Smollet's "Rhoderic Random," Fielding's "Tom Jones," Voltaire's "Candide," Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," and the same author's "Temptations of St. Anthony."

The Merry Tales of Masucchio; the Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre; the Decameron of Boccacio; Daudet's "Sappho;" The stories of Guy de Maupassant, and The Manon de Lescaut of that very good Catholic, Abbe Prevost, are but a very few of the obscene books that are constantly going through the mails.

But, more recently the U. S. Government has gone out of its way to publish, at the instance of the very respectable Smithsonian Institution, the two most utterly obscene books that are now in circulation.

The tiles are "Tsimshian Texts" and "Cathlamet Texts" by Franz Boaz.

It was issued from the Government printing office, Washington, D. C., 1902.

Such a book can go no further than to satisfy curiosity concerning the folklore of extinct Indian tribes.

It cannot plead for its existence any such excuse as can be urged in behalf of the reports on the White Slave traffic, or of Roman Catholic monstrosities in the Philippines.

This book is being circulated under the franks of members of Congress.

My copy came to me, under the frank of Speaker Champ Clark.

The Representative from the Congressional District, in which I am being prosecuted, has sent these obscene books through the mails and into his District, under HIS frank.

Cardinal, you must excuse me for quoting from these obscene books which the Government is publishing, and which our Congressmen are sending through the mails:

Txamsem and Logobola

There was a town in which a chief and a chieftainess were living. The chieftainess had done something bad. She had a lover, but the chief did not know it. The young man loved the chieftainess very much. He often went to the place where she lived with the chief. Then the chieftainess resolved,

"I will pretend to die." She pretended to be very sick, because she wanted to marry that man. After a short time she pretended to die. Then all the people cried. Before she died the chieftainess said, "Make a large box in which to bury me when I am dead." The people made a box and put her into it. They put it on the branches of a tree in the woods. The chieftainess had a spoon and a fish-knife in her box. She pretended to be dead. For two nights the chief went into the woods, and sat right under the box in which the chieftainess was lying. Then he ceased to cry. Behold, there were maggots falling down from the bottom of the box. Then the chief thought, "She is full of maggots." But actually the chieftainess was scraping her spoon with the fish-knife, and the scrapings looked just like maggots. In the evening her lover went into the woods. He climbed the tree and knocked on the box, saying, "Let me in, ghost!" He said so twice. Then the chieftainess replied, "Ha-ha! I pretend to make maggots out of myself in your behalf." Then she opened the cover of the box, and the man lay down with her. He did so every night. Then she came to be pregnant. The man always went up to her. The chief did not know it, but one man found it out. He told the chief. Then the chief's nephews kept watch and killed the man, and also killed the woman. Now she was really dead, and her body was putrefying. Then her child came out alive. It sucked the intestines of its mother, and therefore its name was Sucking-intestines. The child grew up in the box. (Tsimshian Texts, pages 7-9).

Txamsem

He came into the house of a chief who was asleep. He stood in the doorway. The water was in the house of this chief. Then Txamsem thought he would steal it. He tore off the bark of a rotten tree. He chewed it and made it look like excrements. Then he entered secretly after he had finished his work. The great chief was asleep. Txamsem lifted his blanket and laid the excrements next to his anus. Then he waked him and said, "Chief, you soiled your blanket." Then the chief awoke and said, "When did that happen?" Txamsem repeated, "You soiled your blanket while you were asleep. Shall I clean it?" Then the chief did not say a word. He was ashamed. "Do not stir; I will go and fetch some moss to wipe it off." Txamsem had already brought some moss for that purpose. He went immediately to the chief, lifted his blanket, and said, "Hm, what a smell that is!" He showed it to the chief after he had finished wiping the blanket. The chief saw it and believed that he had soiled his blanket while asleep. He was much ashamed. Then Txamsem carried it outside. He entered again and said: "Chief, I am very thirsty." The water was hanging in the corner of the chief's house. The chief spoke, "Go and get the water yourself." Then Txamsem arose, put his bear-skin blanket on, and opened the receptacle in which the water was kept. Then he poured it into his blanket. (Tsimshian Texts, pages 25-26).

Ts'ak

* * * Then they began to scold each other, and the great Grizzly Bear said, "I shall snuff you in if you say 'Go ahead.'" Then Ts'ak said, "Go ahead." At once the Grizzly Bear snuffed him in, and Ts'ak was in his stomach. Ts'ak carried a strike-a-light, pitchwood, and tinder. He was in the stomach of the Grizzly Bear, but he was not afraid. He struck his fire-stones and made a fire of pitchwood in the Grizzly Bear. Now there was a great fire. The great Grizzly Bear ran about, and smoke came out of his mouth. Before long he fell down dead.

Then Ts'ak came out at his anus. He ran about at the place where lay the great Grizzly Bear whom he had killed. * * * In the evening Ts'ak's grandmother was fast asleep. Then he took his knife and cut out her vulva. He roasted it. When it was done, he roused her and said, "Grandmother, awake! Your meal is done. There was a little of the meat left over, and I roasted it." His grandmother rose and ate it all. Then Ts'ak ran out and made a song on his grandmother: "Grandmother ate her own little vulva. Grandmother ate her own little vulva!" Then his grandmother shouted to Ts'ak, "Don't enter my house again, slave!" (Tsimshian Texts, pages 118-119 and 121).

* * * Then the chief told them to take the skin of the great bear, and he ordered them to spread it out in the rear of his house. Then the chief said, "Let my son-in-law come to the middle of the house." Ts'ak rose and stepped down to the middle of the house. Then he saw that the hair of the bear was very long. The chief intended to kill Ts'ak with it. He was to sit down on it, and then the hair would enter his anus, and thus he was to die. Thus thought the chief. But Ts'ak placed the carving of ice under his feet, and he moved it over the skin. A noise was made by the breaking of the bear's hair. Ts'ak sat down and the hair did not enter his anus. (From same, pages 130-131).

The Grizzly Bear

* * * He went near, and had just placed himself in position when the great Grizzly Bear stretched out her arms, and the great man fell into the den headlong. Then he struck the Grizzly Bear and his hand got into her vulva. Then she said to her cubs, "My dear ones, make the fire burn brightly, for your father is cold." She felt much ashamed because the man had struck her vulva, therefore she felt kindly toward him, and did not kill him. She liked him. She said, "I will marry you." And the man agreed. Then the great Grizzly Bear was very glad because the Indian had married her. (Page 203). * * *

* * * The great Grizzly Bear said to her husband, "Take some dishes to the rear of the house." Her husband did so. Then she defecated into a dish, and the berries she had eaten fell into it. Now the dish was full of the berries she had picked. The Indian saw her defecating into the dishes. Then the Grizzly Bear told the man to take the dishes that were full of what had come out of her anus and place them before the people; but they were afraid to eat it because they had seen that they had come out of her anus. (Page 207).

Coyote and Badger

* * * Then Badger groaned: "I want to go out! I want to go out!" "Thus he always tells me, and he makes me tired. He asks me to haul him and carry him out. Help me. Let us carry him out." Then the Seal rose. Coyote told him, "You take his feet." Then they carried him out. When his feet came outside he broke wind and the Seal fell down dead.

One night Coyote thought: "Let us exchange our buttocks," and he said: "What do you think? Let us exchange our buttocks." Badger replied: "I like my own buttocks. I know them; you do not know them." The next day they went again and came back in the evening. Badger had caught many, and Coyote had two. Badger had no arrows. He just broke wind at those birds. Coyote had arrows, and behold, he got nothing. On the following morning it was just the same. Badger got many. He merely broke wind, and they were dead. Coyote sometimes got one, sometimes none. At night he said again: "Let us exchange our buttocks." Bad-

ger said: "No." Every evening Coyote said the same thing and made his brother tired. Then Badger said: "You make me tired. Let us exchange them." Then they exchanged their buttocks. Now Coyote was glad. He was awake, and thought: "Now I have fooled you, Badger. Now I shall get many." He rose early and quickly. Then he broke wind. He arose and went out. He went with long strides and broke wind: po, po, po, po. He made slow steps and broke wind: pu, pu, pu, pu. When he stepped with long strides, he broke wind loudly; when he went slowly, he broke wind slowly. Now they went to hunt birds. They came home in the evening. Coyote had nothing, but Badger had caught many. Coyote tried to go up to the birds with long steps, but every time he stepped he broke wind: po, po, po. On the following day they went again and came back in the evening. Coyote had nothing, and Badger had killed many. Then Coyote thought: "I made a mistake; I will return his buttocks to him." He said: "What do you think? I will return your buttocks to you." Badger did not say anything. Coyote tried to keep his buttocks closed, but he could not do it. He almost reached the ducks; then they smelled him and flew away. Again they came home, and he said: "I will return your buttocks to you." But Badger was angry. "You make me tired," he said. "I gave them to you. Now you are making me tired again. Take out yours first." Coyote took out the buttocks of Badger. Then Badger took out those of Coyote and threw them into the water, while he put his own buttocks into himself. Now Coyote's buttocks drifted down the rapid creek. Coyote pursued them. Badger went away.

Coyote pursued his buttocks. He came to one place; there he lay down to sleep. He rose early. He came to a town. He asked: "Did my buttocks pass here?" The people said: "Yesterday there was something which the boys tried to hit with spears."

Coyote went on. His buttocks called: "Pahehe, pahehe, pa!" He went a long way and slept again. He rose early and went on. Again he came to a town, and asked: "Did my buttocks pass you?" "A short time ago something drifted down, and the boys tried to hit it with spears."

Coyote went on. "Pahehe, pahehe, pa," said his buttocks. "Pahehe, pahehe, pa," said they slowly. After he had gone some distance, he slept again. Early he rose and went on. He went some distance and reached another town. "Did my buttocks pass here?" "Yes; at noon yesterday something drifted down, and the boys tried to hit it with spears."

Again Coyote went. "Pahehe, pahehe, pa," said his buttocks. He went a long distance and slept a fourth time. The next morning he went on. He had not gone far, when he came to a town. He saw the boys throwing spears at something. He came to that town and asked: "Did not my buttocks pass here?" "Something just drifted down."

Again he went. "Pahehe, pahehe, pa," said his buttocks. He went a long way and slept. He went on early. He went a short distance and came to a town. He came near to boys who were throwing spears at something. Now the people saw him, and they all went up. Coyote asked them: "Did not my buttocks pass you?" "Just now something passed down here. The boys threw spears at it."

Coyote went on. "Pahehe, pahehe, pa," said his buttocks. He reached them. Now his buttocks were small, and all torn by the thrusts of spears and sticks. He put them on, and at last they fitted. "Badger shall be your name —you who fooled me. Future generations of men shall fear your winds only. You shall not kill birds." Then Coyote went on. He kept on going. (Kathlamet Texts, pages 81-89).

Panther and Lynx

* * * There was an old blind woman. She could not see anything. She tended the fire of the Grizzly Bears. Lynn took a firebrand and put it down at some little distance. The old woman looked after the firebrands. Now she had lost one. Then she spread her legs and struck her vulva often, crying: "You, you, you have eaten it, you have eaten it, the fire, the fire, vulva, vulva!" Then Lynx looked at the old woman. He took that firebrand and put it back. Now the old woman looked after the fire, and the firebrands were all there. Then the Lynx took again one firebrand. Then the old woman looked again after the firebrands and found that she had lost one. She spread her legs and struck her vulva, crying, "You, you, you have eaten it, the fire, the fire, vulva, vulva!" (Kathlamet Texts, pages 90-91).

Robin and Salmon-berry

* * * Robin went on for a long time. Then her stomach ached; she was constrained to defecate. Then she defecated and the skin rope came out of her anus. She tried to pull it. There she saw a rope and she tied it to a tree and went around it often. Then she always said: "Wa'lotep he'latep, wa'lotep he'latep." Now she had pulled out the one skin and she went on. After she had gone some distance,her stomach ached again and she was compelled to defecate. She defecated and there lay another skin rope. Again she tied it to a tree and went around it. She said again: "Wa'lotep he'latep, wa'lotep he'latep." She was tired. Behold, she had pulled out the whole rope. Then she went on pursuing them. She went a long distance, and her stomach ached again. Something very hard came out and pierced her body. She defecated and out came the antlers. They came out with great difficulty. She went some distance, and her stomach ached again. She was compelled to defecate and the other antlers came out. She was almost dead before the second pair of antlers came out. Then she pursued the children and came to a creek.

Far away she drifted ashore. A crow found her and began to eat her private parts. Then she recovered. She arose and painted her belly with her blood. It became all red. Then she went inland and came to a willow. She asked the willow: "Is my painting becoming?" "Oh, how bad looks the blood of her private parts," cried the willow. "Oh, you bad thing!" she said, "when your wood is burned it shall crackle." She came to the alder. "Is my painting becoming?" The alder said: "It is becoming." "Ah, sister," she said, "when people make anything they shall dye it red in your bark. When you are dry, you will burn well." She went on and came to the cottonwood. She asked it: "Is my painting becoming?" The cottonwood said: "Oh, how bad looks the blood of her private parts." "Oh, you bad thing! When you are put into the fire, you shall not burn." She came to the spruce tree: "Is my painting becoming?" "Oh, how bad looks the blood of her private parts." "Oh, you bad thing! When you are put into the fire, you shall not burn well, you shall crackle." (Kathlemet Texts, pages 124-127).

Panther and Owl

* * * It grew dark. Then the Panther lay down at the end of the house and the Owl at the other end. The Panther was awake. The owl asked that woman: "What is that?" "My hair." "Oh, our hair, my wife." "What is that?" he said to her. "My ears." "Oh, our ears, my wife." "What is that?" he said. "My face." "Oh, our face, my wife." "What is that?" "Oh, my eyebrows." "Oh, our eyebrows, my wife." "What is that?" "My fore-

head." "Oh, our forehead, my wife." "What is that?" "My mouth." "Oh, our mouth, my wife." "What is that?" he said to her. "My nose." "Oh, our nose, my wife." "What is that?" "My throat." "Oh, our throat, my wife." "What is that?" "My arm." "Oh, our arm, my wife." "What is that?" "My hand." "Oh, our hand, my wife." "What is that?" "My belly." "Oh, our belly, my wife." "What is that?" She was silent. Twice he said: "What is that?" He became angry. "What is that woman?" She said: "My navel." "Oh, our navel, my wife." "What is that?" She did not speak to him. He said to her: "What is that? I shall scratch you." She was silent for a long time. Then she said to him: "My private parts." "Oh, our private parts, my wife." The Panther heard it. (Kathlemet Texts, pages 135-136).

"Winter All the Year Round."

There were the people of a town. They were forbidden to make fun of certain things. When the boys grew up, they were always taught: "Don't strike birds with sticks. It is forbidden." When they stepped on excrements, they said: "I stepped on feathers." It was forbidden to say: "I stepped on excrements."

Now, there was a bad boy. His mother tried to teach him all the time what to do and what not to do. One day he went inland and defecated. He did so with difficulty, and blood was on his excrements. Then he rolled them down the hill and said to them: "There goes the redheads." Then he took them up the hill and rolled them down again. Again he said: "There goes the redhead." He played with his excrements. (Kathlamet Texts, page 216).

* * * Now there was a young menstruating girl who had been in a small house behind the village. She was there with her little grandmother. When she left her little house and went back to the village, she saw that the whole great town was empty. Then the woman walked along the street crying. Now she found an old wedge made of crab-apple wood, one made of sloe-wood, one of spruce wood, and she found a little grindstone, a little knife and some snot. She put them into her belly and went to the rear of the house. She did not put them aside. Then she lay down for four days and four nights. Then she came to be with child and gave birth to a boy, to another one, and to still another one, and to two more. They were very strong. There were three males and one stone and one knife and one snot. There was one named Little-crab-apple-tree, the next one Little-sloe-bush, the next one Little-spruce, the following Little-mountain, the next one Little-knife, and one more was called Snot. The woman had six children. (Tsimihian Tales, pages 96-97).

Now, Cardinal, don't you think that the Knights of Columbus and the great Federal Government are playing a low-down game on *me*, when they single *me* out for slaughter?

I didn't write your nasty theological books.

I didn't compose those vile, *criminal* questions that your priests are compelled to ask of women.

Why, then, should *I* be made the scape-goat?

By the bye, Cardinal, I see by the papers that Anthony Comstock, Alexander Ackerman and others have been consulting, in Washington, over my case.

Very well; I will try to be ready for them when the Federal Court convenes on the 17th March, 1913.

My attorney has been instructed to summon *you*, my prince, as one of the witnesses.

Andrew Jackson and John Calhoun

Their Famous Quarrel, Peggy Eaton's Share in the Affair, and the Momentous Historical Consequence

Edward N. Vallandigham

OF the many quarrels in the history of American politics none is more sensational and interesting than that of Andrew Jackson and John Calhoun. This quarrel was twelve years a-brewing, and at any moment during that period a word might have brought about the explosion. Had the quarrel been precipitated a few years earlier, its consequences might have been very different; had it been delayed until the end of Jackson's second term it might have had no great significance in the history of the time. Closely connected with the hatreds of the two powerful Southerners was the social ostracism of the unfortunate Mrs. Eaton, and incident to the quarrel was one of those puzzling questions of veracity which have again and again baffled the historian of our politics.

Andrew Jackson had won so much fame by his exploits in the War of 1812 and as an Indian fighter that Monroe, on first taking office as President, is believed to have offered to make him Secretary of War, an office that Jackson, like Clay, declined. The place was eventually given to Calhoun, then a young and ambitious man eager for the Presidency. Another member of Monroe's cabinet was an old enemy of Jackson's, William H. Crawford of Georgia, who as a member of the preceding administration had committed the unpardonable sin of modifying a treaty which Jackson had made with an Indian tribe. Jackson had a further grievance in that orders had been issued over his head in his own department.

Calhoun, as Secretary of War, became the official superior of Jackson, and at once flattered the General by acceding to his proper demand that no orders should be issued in his department save such as went through him as commander.

The administration had inherited, along with the preceding administration's friction with Jackson, the Seminole War. The trouble was in effect an outgrowth of the War of 1812, for the British had occupied for a time the Spanish territory of Florida, had stirred the Indians and many runaway slaves to war against us, and, on withdrawing from Florida, had left these irregular allies in a turbulent condition. When in December, 1817, General E. P. Gaines, who had been prosecuting the Seminole War, was assigned to other duty in parts adjacent to the scene of conflict, Jackson was ordered into southern Georgia with the hope that he would soon quell the disturbers of the border.

Jackson on receiving the order to take command knew the nature of the instructions issued to Gaines—that he should, if need be, pursue the enemy into Spanish territory but, in case the enemy took refuge in a Spanish fort, should cease pursuit and await instructions from Washington. Before receiving his own instructions Jackson wrote to Monroe protesting against any such restrictions as had been imposed upon Gaines, and offering within sixty days to place Florida in the possession of the United States if the President would indicate a desire for such result, through some safe channel as, for example, Jackson's friend and satellite, Congressman John Rhea of Tennessee. Jackson, who was at this time at his

home, the Hermitage, near Nashville, set off for his command, bearing with him from Calhoun instructions similar to those issued to Gaines, and without having received any reply to his letter offering to seize Florida. According to a paper partly in Jackson's handwriting but mainly in that of a clerk, which paper was found by Benton some years after the General's death, Jackson did receive from Rhea on his way southward a letter assuring him of the President's acquiescence in the plan to seize Florida as a guarantee for the payment of proper indemnity for wrong done to American citizens by Spain. Of course this meant permanent occupation. As will be seen later, Monroe always denied having approved of Jackson's plan. But whatever Rhea may or may not have done, either with or without authorization, Jackson acted exactly as if the President had connived at his proposal. He entered Spanish territory in pursuit of the foe, captured St. Mark's, where the Indians had taken refuge, drove the Spanish authorities from their most important post, Pensacola, instructed Gaines in a certain contingency to seize St. Augustine, and caused the sentence of death to be executed upon Alexander Arbuthnot and Robert Ambrister, British subjects, the former on the charge of communicating American plans to the Indians, the latter on the charge of inciting them to act against our authority.

However arbitrary, insubordinate and defiant of international law and of the instruction of his own Government the conduct of Jackson may appear on the surface, he certainly had reason to suppose that the Government at Washington secretly sanctioned his course for, even if we are to believe that Rhea had no authority to speak for Monroe, or even that Rhea never sent a letter professing to give Monroe's approval of the plan to seize Florida, the silence of the administration touching a project which it might be convenient to have executed, but equally convenient to disavow, was exactly what a general would naturally expect. The trick was a familiar one to European diplomacy, and Jackson, who had no scruples where the Spaniards were concerned, might easily have supposed that Monroe was equally unscrupulous.

Moved perhaps by a letter in a newspaper charging the connivance of the administration, Monroe wrote to Jackson explaining that the letter proposing the seizure of Florida reached him as he lay sick, and was not read by him at the time, nor till after the seizure of Pensacola, having been laid aside and forgotten. Monroe, indeed, as he lay on his sick bed, had handed the letter to Calhoun, then Secretary of War, and he, after having read it, had said that it required an answer at the hands of the President; but the latter was satisfied with Calhoun's assurance that the instructions of Gaines had been issued to Jackson.

In other words, the Secretary of War, knowing the headstrong and headlong character of Jackson, had rested content with the instructions issued to him, although the General had proposed, before receiving definite instructions, to do the very thing that Gaines had been told not to do, and to go further and involve the administration in scandal and possible war.

Monroe again, in 1827, denied in a letter to Calhoun that he had ever authorized Rhea to announce to Jackson the approval of his plans with reference to Florida, and he made like denial in 1831, under peculiarly solemn and painful circumstances. Monroe was an almost dying man, and in fact within a few weeks of his death, in the spring of 1831 at the house of his son-in-law in New York City, when there came addressed to him a letter from Rhea. This letter was opened by the son-in-law, and found to be a circum-

stantial renewal of the charge that Monroe had authorized Rhea to communicate approval of Jackson's proposal for the seizure of Florida, with the additional charge that Monroe had requested Rhea in the spring of 1819 to beg of Jackson that he burn the letter communicating the message. At the request of his son-in-law, Monroe then made affidavit denying the charges. The paper discovered by Benton in a chest of Jackson's recited the whole story, including the request that the letter be burned, and opposite the copy of Jackson's letter making the proposal touching Florida was written a note to the effect that Rhea's letter in reply had been burned.

Historians, face to face with an apparent question of veracity between two ex-presidents of the United States, both reputed honorable men, have looked about them for some way out of the difficulty. Some have supposed that Jackson's memory was at fault in 1831, when he is believed to have prepared the statement that declared Rhea's letter to have been received. Others save the reputations of the two ex-presidents at the expense of poor Rhea's, who seems to have been a person of small consideration, and who, it is contended, may have assumed in his letter to Jackson an authority that Monroe never gave him. This theory would explain Rhea's anxiety to have the letter destroyed, and if he had lied in the first place in pretending to write by authority, he would of course have lied in the second place as to the source whence came the request that Jackson burn the letter. It is just possible, as one historian suggests, that yet unpublished papers of Jackson's may throw further light on the subject.

While Jackson was pursuing his headlong course in Florida, Adams as Secretary of State was negotiating with the Spanish Minister for the purchase of that region. Spain made angry protest against Jackson's conduct, and the negotiations were for the moment broken off. Adams, however, in his diplomatic correspondence with the Spanish authorities ardently defended Jackson's conduct as a necessity of the war. As for the Monroe administration, it disavowed the conduct of Jackson, countermanded the order to Gaines for the seizure of St. Augustine and ordered the restoration of the places seized by Jackson.

At this juncture Adams was Jackson's best friend in the Cabinet. Calhount once angrily urged that a court of inquiry should be ordered in the matter, but the Cabinet finally decided upon the disavowal, and as far as possible the reversal of Jackson's acts, and the President addressed to him a mild caution. Jackson does not seem at this time to have taken refuge behind the tacit acquiescence of the administration in his proposal for the seizure of Florida, but in this his conduct is easily explained upon the theory that he did not wish to embarrass the administration at a moment when the publication of the fact of his having made the suggestion unrebuked might have led to war, or at least have made the acquisition of Florida impossible.

Some men in Congress, not content with the rebuke administered to Jackson in the disavowal of his acts, made a vain attempt to censure his conduct, perhaps with the hope of injuring his prospects as a candidate for the Presidency. If such were really the objects of Jackson's enemies, they greatly overreached themselves, for, in spite of much intemperate language on the part of Jackson and of his threats to cut off the ears of troublesome Congressmen, the long discussion of his case greatly increased his popularity. In the midst of the affair, he made a sort of triumphal progress through several cities of the East, and was received with an enthusiasm that boded no good to his detractors.

In the election of 1824, Calhoun was

chosen Vice-President by a large majority of the Electoral College, and Adams President by the House of Representatives, after an exciting contest in which, for the second time in our history, the charge was made that a President had been chosen by virtue of a corrupt bargain. Jackson, who had the highest vote for President in the Electoral College, for the rest of his life distrusted and hated Adams and Clay as the authors of the supposed bargain by means of which he thought himself robbed. He is said to have had some suspicions that Calhoun was not true to him in this contest, but there was no interruption of their friendly relations, and Jackson still believed that Calhoun had stood his friend in the Cabinet of Monroe after the Seminole War. Calhoun lent all his influence as Vice-President against the administration of Adams, and thus became a member of the Democratic party, organized toward the middle of that administration by the so-called Jackson men and some others. Jackson figured throughout the Adams administration as an injured claimant, and was recognized most of the time as the inevitable candidate of his party for President in 1828. He was duly elected over Adams in that year, and Calhoun a second time became Vice-President.

Calhoun's situation now was one of great delicacy. He intensely desired the Presidency, and he knew that upon the good-will of Jackson depended in large measure the possibility of his obtaining the office. His wish was that Jackson should not seek a second election, for established precedent restricted the Vice-President to two terms in office, and Calhoun feared that once out of the second place it would be difficult for him to obtain the first. It was understood when Jackson was elected that he would not ask a second term; but Calhoun, knowing the temptations of ambition, feared that this resolution would not hold. At the same time Calhoun, although conscious of having acted from a sense of duty in the matter of Jackson's conduct of the Seminole War, must have been uneasy, knowing Jackson's inability to distinguish between intellectual disagreement and personal enmity, in the knowledge that the disappointed and revengeful Crawford held the secret of the proposal to subject Jackson to a court of inquiry. Of course Calhoun's personal secret was in this case also a cabinet secret, a fact that may be said to have excused him from any obligation of special frankness toward Jackson.

Jackson called to his Cabinet three men who were recognized as representing the Calhoun interest, but he chose as Secretary of State Martin Van Buren, the most adroit politician among the conspicuous public men of the day, and a man as eagerly ambitious of the Presidency as Calhoun himself. Luckily for Van Buren and unluckily for Calhoun, Jackson called to his cabinet as Secretary of War his friend John H. Eaton, who had just married the widow of one Timberlake, a naval officer.

Now Timberlake had recently died by his own hand, and the gossips had it that his suicide had been the result of Eaton's scandalous attentions to Mrs. Timberlake. The lady herself had been Peggy O'Neill, daughter of a Washington tavern-keeper at whose house Eaton had lived. She was a handsome and fascinating girl, with some unconventional manners and abundant self-confidence born of a knowledge that she had the gift of pleasing men. In the absence of her husband on sea duty she whiled away the dull hours of an unofficial Washington existence by amusing herself with Eaton. Washington was a little city then, and the flirtation of Mrs. Timberlake and Eaton, if such, indeed, it amounted to,

was known to the whole town. When Eaton told Jackson of his intended marriage, the chivalrous old soldier applauded it as forever giving a quietus to evil gossip.

When Eaton entered the cabinet, however, gossip broke out more fiercely than ever, and official society at Washington immediately set itself like flint against Mrs. Eaton. Jackson had been warned that such would be the outcome of Eaton's appointment, but had poohpoohed the idea that so trivial a matter could trouble the peace of his administration. When he found that the warning had been founded in reason, he gallantly came to the rescue of Mrs. Eaton. Jackson's bitterest enemies always acknowledged his chivalrous regard for women, and at this time the General was peculiarly ready to come to the aid of any slandered woman, for his own wife had recently died, and it was said that her death had been hastened by the scandalous attacks upon the reputation made by her husband's political enemies. The truth is that Jackson had married her when he and she both believed, upon misinformation, that she had been legally divorced from a brutally cruel husband. The mistake was corrected by a second ceremony, but the political bitterness of that period did not stop at grossly misrepresenting the facts in the case.

Smarting from his own wounds, Jackson determined that Mrs. Eaton's injured reputation should be fully vindicated. Accordingly he asked the members of the Cabinet to see to it that their wives called upon Mrs. Eaton and made her part of official society. To this request the secretaries, more anxious for their domestic tranquility than for the favor of their chief, responded that in all social matters their wives were supreme. Jackson raged in vain. He threatened to send home the Dutch minister because his wife would not sit beside Mrs. Eaton.

A ball and supper at the British minister's, at which Mrs. Eaton had been ignored by all the ladies, was followed by another given by the Russian minister. Mrs. Van Buren made an earnest appeal in her own tongue to Mrs. Huygens, the wife of the minister from Holland, to consent to be introduced to Mrs. Eaton. Mrs. Huygens, however, refused. When supper was announced, she was informed by the host that Colonel Eaton would conduct her to the table. She declined and remonstrated, but in the meantime Colonel Eaton advanced to offer his arm. To relieve him from his embarrassment she walked with him to the table, where she found Mrs. Eaton seated at the head beside an empty chair for herself. Mrs. Huygens, perceiving the situation at a glance, took her husband's arm and withdrew from the room.

Jackson encountered rebellion even in his own household, for his niece, acting as "lady of the White House," also snubbed Mrs. Eaton, and in consequence was exiled for a time to Tennessee. Mrs. Calhoun was one of the most severe of all the ladies of officialdom upon Mrs. Eaton, and Calhoun, powerless over his wife, suffered a portion of Jackson's wrath.

The hero in the end failed, for Mrs. Eaton was not officially recognized by the ladies of the Cabinet, and Jackson, who never quailed before men, had tacitly to acknowledge himself defeated by the women. He recalled his banished niece, and contented himself, so long as Eaton remained in the Cabinet, with being personally polite to Mrs. Eaton.

In the midst of this tempest in the social teapot, Van Buren arrived at his post of duty a month late. He was a widower, without daughters, so there was no question of family discipline to embarrass him or to disturb his domestic tranquility. He lost no time in calling upon Mrs. Eaton, and he showed her many flattering attentions.

There was no reason in morals or in politics why he should not do this. And the effect of his politeness was to commend him at once to the good-will of Jackson. Thus, when the administration was only just warm in its place, Calhoun's most dangerous rival had gained a marked advantage with the man who would either be or make the next President.

Jackson gradually came to believe that the attitude of official society toward Mrs. Eaton was part of a plan to force Eaton out of the Cabinet. Calhoun and Calhoun's supporters had opposed the appointment of Eaton, and Calhoun's representatives in the Cabinet were soon at odds with the Secretary of War, so that Jackson was made extremely uncomfortable in his relations with his official family. All this tended to estrange him from Calhoun, though apparently the summer of 1829 passed without any interruption of their friendly relations, and without absolute distrust on the part of Jackson.

Meanwhile another cause of disagreement was brewing between Jackson and Calhoun. From being a moderate protectionist in the years immediately following the War of 1812, Calhoun had now become in effect a free trader. The truth is that the slaveholding South almost as a whole, as well as thousands of persons engaged in unprotected industries in the North, did not directly profit by the protective tariff, and felt it mainly in the increased price of protected articles. The tariff of 1824 was the first in which there was an attempt actually to make the rates prohibitive upon the importation of many foreign manufactures, and the tariff of 1828, known as the "tariff of abominations," was so badly drawn in an attempt to extend the protective principle to the raw materials of the growing West, as well as to Eastern goods, that it was even more disliked at the South than that of 1824.

Shortly before the inauguration of Jackson, Calhoun had put forth the "South Carolina Exposition," protesting against the tariff, and arguing for the doctrine of nullification, but expressing the hope that, with the coming to power of the Jackson administration, the wrong might be righted without recourse on the part of South Carolina to any unusual action. Jackson's first message, however, that of December, 1829, disappointed Calhoun and the South, in that it failed to demand a sweeping reduction of the tariff.

The nullification sentiment continued to grow, and it was the celebration of Jefferson's birthday by a public dinner in April, 1830, that the nullifiers seized upon to give a semi-official expression to their doctrine. The toasts for the occasion were announced in advance, and when Jackson read them he saw that the tone of them all was favorable to nullification, and that the attempt would be made to place the fatherhood of the doctrine upon Jefferson. He accordingly made a memorandum of a toast that he should propose at the close of the regular toasts. The plan of the nullifiers was carried out, and so was Jackson's plan, for when he was asked to give a toast, what he gave was this: "Our Federal Union: it must be preserved." The nullifiers were for a moment confused, but Calhoun soon rose and proposed this toast: "The Union: next to our liberty the most dear; may we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefit and burden of the Union."

The effect of this encounter was to make it plain to those present that the President and the Vice-President were no longer friends, and that any attempt at nullification in South Carolina would probably meet with repression at the hands of Jackson. The truth is that Jackson now had something tangible upon which to hang his distrust of

Calhoun. Jackson had about him at this time a group of cronies whom he consulted confidentially, and trusted as he did not trust his official advisers. So notorious, indeed, was the influence of these men that they came to be known as the "Kitchen Cabinet." One of the group, the astute Major William B. Lewis, who had managed Jackson's political campaigns and written many of his political letters, had for a long time suspected, and for two years had positively known, that Calhoun had not been the defender of Jackson in the Monroe cabinet at the time of the Seminole War. James A. Hamilton, commissioned by Jackson early in 1828 to arrange a reconciliation with Crawford, had obtained from Governor Forsyth of Georgia a letter setting forth the fact that it was not Crawford but Calhoun who had proposed to punish Jackson for his conduct in Florida.

Major Lewis saw this letter in April, 1828, but did not tell Jackson of it lest the revelation drive Jackson to do something injurious to his chances for the Presidency. In November, 1829, a guest at a White House dinner given to Monroe referred to the fact that Calhoun had not been the champion of Jackson in the Florida matter. Jackson was slow to believe the assertion when Lewis told him of it, after the other guests had gone and the old General was smoking his pipe by way of preparation for bed. Then Lewis told him of the Forsyth letter, and the General insisted that Lewis go to New York next day and obtain the letter from Hamilton. Lewis went, but Hamilton preferred that the appeal be made directly to Forsyth himself, soon coming to Washington as senator. Forsyth, however, pleading that his memory might have been at fault touching things told him by Cawford, advised that Jackson obtain a letter directly from Crawford himself.

This was the situation when the Jefferson dinner took place. Jackson had probably made up his mind, though not irrevocably, that Calhoun had been false to him, but he yet awaited the letter from Crawford. That letter arrived about the first of May, and Jackson sent a copy to Calhoun with a request, reproachful but not bitter, for an explanation. Calhoun in his reply seems to have quailed a little before Jackson, for, while acknowledging his proposal that a court of inquiry examine into Jackson's conduct in Florida, he seeks to deprecate the President's wrath by criticising Crawford for revealing the secrets of the Cabinet.

Jackson, who believed that Calhoun had given him positive assurance of approval in the Seminole War, accepted Calhoun's letter as a confession of treachery, and sent him a coldly dignified reply, in effect declaring their acquaintance at an end. Calhoun wrote another letter to Jackson, but in vain, and then made ready a general attack upon him, which did not appear, however, until March of the following year. Some months before Jackson had designated Van Buren his political heir.

It was about this time that Jackson got rid of the Calhoun men in his Cabinet, though in doing so he was forced to reorganize almost the whole body. Van Buren set the example by resigning, on the ground that a candidate for the Presidency ought not to remain in the Cabinet. Jackson sent Eaton to Florida as Governor, and made Van Buren Minister to England, though Calhoun and his friends defeated the confirmation of the nomination after Van Buren had sailed for his post. There were more than enough votes to defeat the confirmation, but one or more of Calhoun's friends abstained from voting in order that Calhoun, who believed that Van Buren's machinations had brought about the break with Jackson, might give the casting vote against his enemy. Calhoun believed that in cast-

ing that vote he wrecked the political future of Van Buren, for he said with a sardonic smile: "It will kill him dead, sir, kill him dead; he'll never kick, sir, never kick." It was now that the whole story of Peggy Eaton and her ostracism from official society for the first time came out in the newspapers, so well had the secrets of the administration and its enemies been kept.

Nullification was still gathering strength, and when the tariff of 1832, designed to conciliate the South, proved strongly protective, South Carolina proceeded to extremities. It is not necessary to tell the story of nullification here. Jackson met it with all the power he had, and asked more of Congress. But the affair was not quite the signal triumph for Jackson and Federal supremacy that it is usually conceived in the popular mind to have been. The nullifiers mustered enough friends in Congress to prevent the passage of the measure granting the powers Jackson desired, before a compromise tariff, granting almost all that South Carolina demanded, had been passed; so that Clay in his eagerness to save as long as possible a remnant of the protective system and perhaps to further his own interests, enabled the nullifiers to boast that nullification was a good doctrine, since it had accomplished the object for which it had been invoked. On the other hand, when the extreme theory of State Rights again found expression in solemn public fashion, it took the form, not of nullification but of secession.

Too many historians of this period have approached it in a spirit of hostility to the chief actors. It is the fashion to represent Jackson as a crude barbarian, made President by the accident of his performance at New Orleans; and the charge was made of bargain and sale in the election of 1824. As a matter of fact Jackson was recognized as a leader wherever he appeared. He was judge and senator before he had distinguished himself as a soldier. With all his faults, he was a man of power and of genuine patriotism.

It is customary, also, to represent this courageous, self-confident, strong-willed man as the mere tool of his "Kitchen Cabinet," a body of cunning politicians who are supposed to have ruled the country without showing themselves to the public. This theory is equally at variance with his character. Lewis, a man of almost superhuman foresight, did influence Jackson, but even in the Florida affair, Lewis found it difficult to shake his faith in Calhoun.

Another specious theory of those who underrate both Calhoun and Jackson is that but for their quarrel there would have been no strong encouragement to nullification by Calhoun, and but for the fact that Jackson saw behind nullification his enemy Calhoun, he would not have take this firm stand for Federal authority and the Union.

It is not hard to see how Calhoun drifted into nullification if one studies the enormously rapid growth of the protective tariff between 1816 and 1828. The South, in entering the Union, had feared such an application of the protective system as would burden her, that Northern industries might flourish; and when Congress would not heed the cry for relief, it was natural that a doctrinaire like Calhoun, in the condition of Federal relations as then developed, should turn to the fatal remedy of nullification. Calhoun had preached the doctrine in 1828, when he and Jackson were on the best of terms.

As to the theory that Jackson in seeking to crush nullification aimed a blow at a personal enemy rather than at a dangerous principle, it will hardly bear examination. Doubtless the fact that Calhoun stood behind nullification lent zest to the fight for Jackson, but Jackson had always had a strong sense of

nationality. He was from his early manhood a frontiersman, and the men of Tennessee held their State rights theory with due regard to the powers of the Federal Government. Jackson had itched to get his hands upon the men of the Hartford Convention when they were setting themselves up against Federal authority in 1814. Besides all this, he had won his fame in battling for the whole country, and had conquered Florida, not for the aggrandizement of a particular State but for the glory of the Union. He seems to have heard with satisfaction that Webster had got the better of Hayne in the great debate of 1830, when Hayne enunciated the theory of nullification and secession, and Webster appeared as the champion of an indissoluble Union.

It is entirely possible, however, that but for the quarrel between Jackson and Calhoun the attempt of South Carolina to put the theory of nullification into practice might have been averted. Had the old confidential relations of these two remained unbroken they might have agreed upon some plan whereby the tariff of 1832 could have been made more palatable to the South. Had there been no misunderstanding between the President and Vice-President, and had a way been found to make Calhoun the successor of Jackson, how different might have been the subsequent history of the country from what it was! Would Calhoun instead of Monroe have been the last President to be elected by the Democrats from the Southeast, or might there have been a succession of Southern Presidents? Would Texas have come into the Union in 1836, instead of 1845, and would the Oregon country have been lost to us? If all this had happened, would the weight of power have remained so plainly with the slaveholding States that a policy of aggressive slavery extension might not have been undertaken? Would the coming to power of a party pledged to slavery restriction have been postponed for a decade or two, and would secession and Civil War have come not in 1861 but in 1870, or perhaps as late as the Centennial of our Independence?

The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits

Chapter X.

Advertisement to the Reader.
(By the London Publisher, 1723.)

The following masterpiece of religious policy was published many years since, in Latin, French, and Dutch. Mr. John Schipper, a bookseller at Amsterdam, bought one of them at Antwerp, among other books, and afterwards reprinted it. The Jesuits, being informed that he had purchased this book, demanded it back from him; but he had then sent it to Holland. One of the society who lived at Amsterdam, hearing it said soon after to a Catholic bookseller, by name Van Eyk, that Schipper was printing a book which concerned the Jesuits, replied that if it was only the Rules of the Society, he should not be under any concern, but desired he would inform himself what it was. Being told by the bookseller that it was the **Secret Instructions of the Society,** the good father, shrugging up his shoulders and knitting his brow, said that he saw no remedy but denying that this piece came from the society. The reverened fathers, however, thought it more advisable to purchase the whole edition, which they soon after did, some few copies excepted. From one of these it was afterwards reprinted, with this account prefixed, which is there said to be taken from two Roman Catholics, men of credit.

I. Whoever hath alienated our female devotees or other friends from our churches or frequent converse with our members; whoever hath withdrawn alms to other churches or orders themselves, or persuaded the rich and well-inclined to us to do it; whoever at the time of disposal of their effects hath shown a greater affection to their near relations than to the society (a plain demonstration of an unmortified mind, and directly contrary to the thorough mortification enjoined professors); whoever hath converted the alms of penitents or of other our friends to the use of their own necessitous kinsfolks; let them all be discarded as enemies to the society, of what age or condition soever they be; yet for this let some other pretense be alleged. But to prevent their making complaint of this usage let them not be expelled immediately, but first be restrained from hearing confessions, be plagued and perplexed with exercise of the most servile offices, be obliged to perform such duties to which it is evident they have an utter aversion. Let them be removed from higher studies and honorable employs, and harassed with chapters and public censures; let them be debarred of recreations and conversations with strangers, and be denied, in dress and everything else, whatever is not absolutely necessary, till by such rigorous methods of chastisement they become impatient and murmur against us. Let them then be dismissed as persons not duly mortified, whose bad example may be pernicious to others, and if the reason of their expulsion be required by their parents or the prelates of the church let them be represented as not having the true spirit of the society.

II. Let such also be dismissed who make a scruple of acquiring riches for the society, and set forth as persons too much in love with their own opinions, and if they desire to give an account of their actions before the provincials let them not be heard, but compelled to conform themselves to the statute, which commands implicit obedience from all.

III. Let us observe from the first entrance, and even from their tender years, who they are that make the greatest advances in their affection for us, and let such as are found to retain a love either for other orders, the poor, or their parents, be by little and little disposed for dismission, according to the method already mentioned, since they are not likely to prove of any service to the society.

Chapter XI.

I. Since those that are dismissed do frequently very much prejudice the society by divulging such secrets as they have been privy to, their attempts

must therefore be obviated in the following manner. Let them be prevailed upon before they are dismissed to give it under their hands and swear that they never will, directly or indirectly, either write or speak anything to the disadvantage of the order, and let the superiors keep upon record the evil inclinations, failings, and vices which they, according to the custom of the society, for discharge of their consciences formerly confessed. This, if ever they give us occasion, may be produced by the society to the nobility and prelates, as a very good handle to prevent their promotion.

II. Let it be immediately published through all our colleges that such and such are dismissed, and let the general causes of their expulsion (such as an unmortified mind, disobedience, disaffection for spiritual exercises, an obstinate adherence to their own opinions, etc.) be highly aggravated. In the next place let all be advised to keep no correspondence with them upon any account whatsoever. And if strangers should happen to make any mention of them, let all our members unanimously affirm in every public place that the society expels none without weighty causes, spewing out as the sea all its dead carcasses, etc., and let such causes also be artfully insinuated which have occasioned us any ill-will, that their ejectment may appear to the world with a more commendable grace.

III. In private exhortations at people's houses let these be represented as persons very turbulent, and continually importuning a readmission into the society. And let their sad fate be industriously aggravated who after exclusion have happened to come to an untimely or miserable end.

IV. Whatever accusations these bring against us, let them be oppugned by the authority of some grave members, who must everywhere declare that the society dismisses none but upon very good reasons, nor ever lops off members that are sound. This must be confirmed by the zeal and concern we show for the souls of all strangers in general; how much greater must it therefore be for those who are members of our order.

V. In the next place let the society by all manner of obligations endeavor to prevail upon the noblemen and prelates with whom the dismissed may have any credit or authority to deny them their countenance; and let it be shown that the common good of an order, which is as famous as it is useful to the church, should always be preferred to the private advantage of any particular person whatsoever. And should they still retain an affection for them, it will then be of importance to lay open the causes of their expulsion, and even to aggravate them with those we have no positive proof of, so they can but be deduced by probable consequence.

VI. Let all possible care be taken to hinder the promotion of such to offices and preferments in the church who of their own accord have relinquished the society, unless they submit themselves and all they have in the world to our disposal in such a manner that it may plainly appear to every one they are willing to have their whole dependence on us.

VII. Let them as far as possible be timely removed from the exercise of honorable functions in the church, such as preaching, confessing, and publishing of books, etc., lest by these means they attract the affection and applause of the people. The strictest inquiries must therefore be made into their lives, manners, and conversation, what they apply themselves to, and their very intentions. To which end matters must be so managed that we may keep up a good correspondence with some of the family in which they live, and the minute the least trip be discovered, or anything deserving censure, let it be industriously spread abroad in the

world by some of the lower rank of people who are our friends, that so the noblemen or prelates may be restrained from showing them any further countenance, for fear of the scandal it may bring upon themselves. Should they behave so as to leave us no room to find fault, let their virtues and laudable actions be deprecated by subtle insinuations and doubtful expressions, till the esteem and credit they had formerly acquired be lessened in the opinion of the world; for it is altogether for the interest of the society that the dismissed, especially such as of their own accord desert it, should be kept under.

VIII. Let the misfortunes and unlucky accidents which happen to them be immediately published, but with entreaties for the prayers of good Christians, that the world may not think we are hurried away by passion. But among our members let these things by all means be represented in the blackest colors, that the rest may be better secured.

Chapter XII.

I. Let diligent laborers, whose industry is equally bent on promoting the temporal as the spiritual interest of the society, be always held in the greatest esteem, of which sort are (generally speaking) confessors of princes and noblemen, of widows and rich female devotees, preachers, professors, and whoever are privy to these secret instructions.

II. The impaired in strength and decrepit with age must be next considered, according as they have employed their several talents for the temporal advantage of the society; that a grateful regard may be shown to their past labors, and because they may also (remaining always at home) be made use of to pry into the actions of the other domestics, and communicate to the superiors a faithful account of whatever miscarriages they shall be guilty of.

III. These should scarce ever be dismissed, lest we bring an ill reputation upon the society.

IV. Besides these let all be caressed who are distinguished either for their parts, nobility, or riches, especially if they have friends or relations who are firm to our interests, possessed of power, and have given convincing proofs of a sincere affection toward us, according to the method before laid down. Let these be sent to Rome or some other famous universities to prosecute their studies; but if their inclinations lead them to do this in the province, let them be encouraged by the particular affection and favor of the professors till they have surrendered to us their effects; let nothing be denied them. But when once we have got them to do this, oblige them then to mortification like the rest, but not without having a little regard to their past beneficence.

V. Let the superiors also show a particular respect to such as have allured any clever youths into the society, since this is no trifling testimony of their affection for us. But till these are professed care must be taken not to give those too great indulgence, for fear they should carry away again those very persons they have brought to us.

Chapter XIII.

I. Let us endeavor, with the utmost prudence, to pick out young men, of good genius, an agreeable personage, and noble family, or at least such as excel in some one of these.

II. That they may, with greater ease, be drawn to us, let the masters, who have the care of their instruction, both during and after school-time, by a particular mildness, prepossess them in our favor, and insinuate how acceptable an offering it is to the Almighty when anyone dedicates himself, and all that he has, to Him; especially in the society of His Son.

III. At proper opportunities, let

them be entertained in our colleges and gardens, and sometimes at our country-seats; let them accompany our members at times of recreation, and by little and little be drawn into a familiarity; but, however, with such proper cautions as may prevent its breeding in them contempt.

IV. Let not their masters be allowed to chastise, nor keep them in subjection as the other scholars.

V. Let them be allured, by little presents, and indulgement of liberties agreeable to their age; and, above all, let their affections be warmed with spiritual discourses.

VI. Let it be inculcated that their being chosen out of such a number, rather than any of their fellow-collegiates, is a most pregnant instance of divine appointment.

VII. On other occasions, but especially in exhortations, let them be terrified with denunciation of eternal punishment unless they accept of the heavenly invitation.

VIII. The more earnestly they desire admission into our society, the longer let the grant of such favor be deferred, provided, at the same time, they seem steadfast in their resolution; but if their minds appear to be wavering let all proper methods be used for the immediate fixing of them.

IX. Let them be strictly cautioned not to make the least discovery of their call to any intimate friends, nor even so much as to their parents, before they are become one of us; that if afterwards any temptation to fall off arises both they and the society will be wholly at their liberties; and should we get the better of such inclinations, 'twill always be a handle, from their past irresolution, to stir them up to a firmer perseverance for the future, if this happens while they are novices, or after they have made but simple vows.

X. But since the greatest difficulty occurs in drawing-in the sons of noblemen, persons of distinction, and senators, whilst they are under the wing of their parents, who endeavor to train them up to succeed in their employments; let our friends, rather than members, persuade them to send their children into other provinces, and remote universities, wherein some of our orders are tutors; private instructions concerning their quality and condition being first transmitted, that they may be the better enabled, by touching upon right strings, to secure their affection to the society.

XI. When they are more advanced in age let them be enticed to the performance of some spiritual exercises, this method having been attended with very good success among the Germans and Polanders.

XII. According to the quality and condition of everyone, let us lay before them how often riches are a curse to the possessors, and privately exhort them not to contemn the call of God, the doing which exposes the offender to no less a penalty than that of hell-fire.

XIII. That parents may more readily condescend to their sons' desires of becoming members of our society, it will be highly expedient to extol the excellence of its institution in comparison of that of all other orders; the sanctity and learning of our brethren, the unspotted character they maintain among all, and the universal honor and applause they meet with everywhere from persons of all qualities and degrees. Let an enumeration be made of the princes and noblemen, who, to the great comfort of their souls, lived in this society of Jesus, and are dead, and yet live. Let us show that nothing is more pleasing to God than that young men should devote themselves entirely to Him, especially as companions in the society of His Son; and that it is one of the greatest felicities for a man from his youth to bear the yoke of the Lord; but if any difficulties be started, by reason of the tenderness of their age, let the easiness of our insti-

tution be explained, which contains nothing in it very difficult to be observed, except the keeping of three vows; and (which is very remarkable) not any one rule whose non-observance would be the commission even of a venial sin.

Chapter XIV.

I. Besides the cases already mentioned in our statutes, in which the superior only, or the ordinary confessor, by his authority, has power to absolve; there are others, namely, sodomy, effeminacy, fornication, adultery, uncleanness, unseemly commerce with man or woman; the commission also of any heinous offense against the society, in its honor or interest, whether through zeal or otherwise; all which also are just causes of expulsion.

II. But if anyone at the sacrament confesses sins of this kind, till promise be made, out of confession, to discover them to the superior, either himself, or by his confessor, let not absolution be given him; and then let the superior take such resolutions as shall tend most to the common good of the society; but if there be hopes of smothering the crime let it then be punished with an adequate penance; but if not, let him, as soon as possible, be expelled; let the confessor, however, be always very cautious not to inform the penitent that he is in danger of it.

III. If it come to the ear of any of our confessors that a strange woman has had to do with a member of the society, let her not be absolved before she has discovered his name, out of confession; and even when this is done, let her by no means receive absolution till she has further obliged herself, by an oath, never to reveal it to anyone living without our consent.

IV. If two of our members have carnally sinned, let the first that discovers it be retained, and the other expelled; but let him that stays with us be mortified and plagued with such intolerable discipline that we may drive him to commission of some fresh offense, which will afford a good handle for spewing him out; and the first time it offers, be sure to lay hold on it.

V. As the society is a body, both noble and excellent in the church, it has authority to lop off such members, who though at their entrance might seem fit or our purpose should afterwards prove unqualified for execution of our designs. To effect this, a method may easily be found, to wit, by continually using them hardly, and doing everything contrary to their inclinations, by subjecting them to severe superiors, and by forcing them from the more honorable studies and functions, till they begin to murmur against such usage.

VI. Nor let such by any means be retained as either openly oppose their superiors, or, in public or private, make complaints against them to their fellow members, but especially to strangers, or such as condemn, to their associates, or strangers, the conduct of the society in the amassing or management of temporal goods, or any other of our methods of proceeding; as for instance, our suppressing, and keeping under all either disaffected to, or expelled from, our order, etc.; or that admit in conversation, or defend the Venetians, French, or others, who by hindering us from getting a footing among them have done the society intolerable damages.

VII. Before the time of their dismission let them be treated with the utmost severity, removed from their usual duties, and hurried about from one to another; and though they do whatever you task them, yet always find fault, and under this pretense remove them to some other. For the slightest offense, though inadvertently committed, be sure you subject them to heavy punishment; in public constantly abash them till they are able no longer to bear it, and then turn them

out as persons whose example may be pernicious to others; and for this purpose choose such place and opportunity as they never in the least thought of.

VIII. If any of our order has certain expectations of a bishopric, or other ecclesiastical preferment, let him, besides the usual vows of the society, be obliged to make another; namely, That he will always entertain a favorable opinion, and on all occasions speak honorably of us; that he will never confess but to one of our members, nor determine, in any affair of moment, without first consulting the judgment of the society; for non-observance of which by cardinal *Tolet*, our order obtained from the holy see, that no *Maran* (descended from the perfidious race of Jews or Mohammedans), who will not oblige himself to perform such a vow, should ever, for the future, be admitted among us; but immediately expelled as a most virulent enemy, though a person of ever so great fame and reputation.

Chapter XV.

I. Let the confessors and preachers be very cautious of offending nuns, or of leading them into any the least temptation contrary to their calling; but, on the other hand, having by all means gained the affection of the governesses, let them manage so as at least to take their extraordinary confessions, and preach to them if they find them forward in making grateful returns; for persons descended from noble families, especially rich abbesses, are capable of being very serviceable to us, either through their own or the interest of their parents and friends, so that by currying favor with the principal monasteries the society may by degrees get an acquaintance and work themselves into the friendship of almost the whole city.

II. Yet, on the other side, let our female devotees be forbid to frequent nunneries, lest they should be most taken with that kind of life, and we thereby be balked in our expectations of what they have. But let them be induced to the performance of their vow of chastity and obedience by the care of their confessor, by his showing them that such method of living is conformable to the purity of the primitive church, being as a candle which diffuses its light through the whole house, and not hid under a bushel, and consequently contributing nothing to the edification of our neighbor, or the good of souls; and, like the good widows in the gospel, that they should communicate of their substance to Christ by their bounty to his companions. Lastly, let every argument be applied which may create in them an aversion to a recluse life; but let all these instructions be delivered to them under the strictest obligations to secrecy, lest other orders should happen to hear them.

Chapter XVI.

I. Lest the seculars should represent us as too much hankering after riches, 'twill be proper now and then to refuse such small and trifling alms as are offered for performance of pious offices; though of such as are thoroughly attached to our interest we must readily accept whatever they give us, lest we bring upon ourselves the imputation of covetousness, for our swallowing nothing but presents of value.

II. Let burial in our churches be denied to persons of a base character, although, in their lifetimes, they have been ever so much our friends, lest the world should surmise that we hunt after riches, by the numbers of the deceased, and come to a knowledge of what we gain by them.

III. Let widows and others who have given us almost all they possessed (though then they are on equal foot with others) be treated with much more rigor, lest people should imagine their greater indulgence proceeds from our hopes of secular advantages. The

same method should be also observed with such as are in the society, but this must be after they have entirely given up all into our hands; and if ever after there is a necessity for it, let them be dismissed; but this must be done with such discretion that they may be induced to leave to the order, part at least of what they formerly gave us; or bequeath it by will, at the time of their death.

Chapter XVII.

I. Let our members chiefly endeavor at this, always to act with unanimity, even in things of trifling moment; or at least to have the outward appearance of doing so; for by this means whatever confusions may arise in the world, the society of necessity will always increase and maintain its ground.

II. Let all earnestly endeavor so to shine in their learning and good example, that other religious, especially those of the clergy, etc., may be eclipsed, and the common people at length drawn in to request us to discharge every office. And let it be also publicly declared that a very great fund of learning is not so absolutely necessary in pastors, provided in all other respects they discharge their duty as they ought; for the society can assist with advice on emergencies, for which reason it has good offices of this sort in a particular esteem.

III. Let kings and princes be kept up in this principle, that the Catholic faith, as matters now stand, cannot subsist without the civil power, which however must be managed with the greatest discretion. By this means our members will work themselves into the favor of persons in the highest posts of government, and consequently be admitted into their most secret councils.

IV. It will be also proper to entertain their curiosity with the newest, choicest, and most genuine transcripts that can be purchased from all places.

V. Nor will it contribute a little to our advantage, if, with caution and secrecy, we foment and heighten the animosities that arise among princes and great men, even to such a degree that they may weaken each other. But if there appear any likelihood of reconciliation, then as soon as possible let us endeavor to be the mediators, lest others prevent us.

VI. The nobility and populace must, by all methods, be persuaded into a belief that the society was instituted by the particular direction of divine providence, according to the prophecies of the abbot *Joachim*, that by this means, the church, though depressed by the attempts of heretics, may be raised again to its primitive lustre.

VII. The favor of the nobility and superior clergy, once got, our next aim must be to draw all cures and canonships into our possession, for the more complete reformation of the clergy, who heretofore lived under the certain regulation of their bishops, and made considerable advances towards perfection. And lastly, let us aspire to abbacies and bishoprics, the obtaining which, when vacancies happen, will very easily be effected, considering the supineness and stupidity of the monks; for it would entirely tend to the benefit of the church that all bishoprics, and even the apostolical fee, should be hooked into our hands, especially should his holiness ever become a temporal prince over all. Wherefore, let no methods be untried, with cunning and privacy, by degrees, to increase the worldly interests of the society, and then, no doubt, a golden age will go hand in hand with an universal and lasting peace, and the divine blessing of consequence attend the Roman Catholic Church.

VIII. But if our hopes in this should be blasted, and since offenses of necessity will come, our political schemes must be cunningly varied, according to the different posture of the times; and

princes, our intimates, whom we can influence to follow our councils, must be pushed on to embroil themselves in vigorous wars one with another, to the end, our society (as promoters of the universal good of the world) may, on all hands, be solicited to contribute its assistance, and always employed in being mediators of public dissensions; by this means the chief benefices and preferments in the church, will, of course, be given us by way of compensation for our services.

IX. Finally, the society must endeavor to effect this at least, that having got the favor and authority of princes, those who do not love them may at least fear them.

Mr. Chas. D. Hilles Was Misrepresented in a Recent Article in Watson's Magazine

The White House.

Washington, January 21, 1913.

DEAR MR. WATSON: My attention has been called to an article which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine in which it is represented that the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have secured favors of President Taft through the intervention and influence of my wife. It is represented in this article that Mrs. Hilles is a member of the Roman Catholic Church and that irregular and improper advances have been made to the President by that church through her. It is further alleged that Alvah H. Martin, the National Committeeman for the State of Virginia, is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and that I favored his election for such position because of the fact that this recognition was desired by the Roman Catholic Church.

I assume that you wish to be fair and that you would not consciously make a statement so widely at variance with the fact. I must, therefore, ask you to publish a correction in the next issue of your magazine.

The fact is that Mrs. Hilles and I and our daughter—are members of the Presbyterian Church. My father was an official in the Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Hilles' father was a member of the official board of the Methodist Church. She has been a member, in good standing, of the Presbyterian Church since our marriage. You may verify this fact by making an inquiry at Dobbs' Ferry, New York. The pastor of the church is Rev. John M. Trout. The officials of the Roman Catholic Church have made no advances of any character to the President through Mrs. Hilles.

If Alvah H. Martin is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, I do not know it. I have never heard it even intimated until I read your article. I have been told by a member of Congress from Virginia, whose relations with Mr. Martin are intimate and cordial, that he is not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, but I have no further information on the subject.

Very sincerely yours,

Charles D. Hilles.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Georgia.

John Paul Jones

Cyrus Townsend Brady

ONE hundred and thirteen years ago a little man who had attracted the attention of two continents, and who, in his comparatively brief career of forty-five years, had won eternal fame for himself among the heroes of the world, died in Paris, alone in his room. He had been ill for some time, and his physician, calling late in the evening, found him prone upon his bed, sleeping a sleep from which no call to battle would ever arouse him. Like Warren Hastings, John Paul Jones was at rest at last: "in peace after so many storms, in honor after so much obloquy."

He was buried in a Protestant cemetery in Paris, which was officially closed in January, 1793. The exact location of his grave was forgotten. For many years even the fact that he was buried there was forgotten. The other day the cable flashed a message which gladdened every American heart. Under the inspiration, and at the personal charges, of General Horace Porter, United States Ambassador to France, a search had been instituted and the body was found and completely identified. It is a service of sentiment that General Porter has rendered us, but not less valuable on that account. To love the hero, to recall the heroic past, is good for the future. The remains of the great captain are to come back to the United States. On the decks of such a battleship as even his genius never dreamed of, surrounded by a squadron that could have put to flight all the sea-fighters of the world before the age of steam and steel, the body of the little commodore is to be brought back to his adopted country to repose on the soil of the land he loved, for whose liberty he fought, whose honor he maintained in battle; and a suitable monument is to be raised by our people to commemorate his services, to inspire like conduct in years to come.

Commodore John Paul Jones, the first of the great American fighters, and not the least splendid in the long line, was born of humble origin in a southern county of Scotland. His family was obscure, his circumstances narrow, his advantages meager, his opportunities limited. At the age of twelve he became a sailor. Genius rose superior to adverse circumstances, however, and before he died he was one of the most accomplished officers who ever served the United States. The greatest men of America and France took pleasure in his society and were proud of his friendship.

He progressed rapidly in his chosen career. At nineteen he was chief mate of a slaver, a legitimate occupation in his day but one that filled him with disgust. At twenty-one he was captain of a trader. In 1773 he came to America, forsook the sea, and settled in Virginia.

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

He was still poor and still obscure when on December 7, 1775, he was appointed a lieutenant in the new Continental Navy. In that capacity he was ordered to the Alfred, a small converted merchantman, the flagship of Commodore Hopkins. He joined the ship immediately, and in the latter part of December he had the honor of hoisting with his own hands the first naval flag of an American squadron. This was the famous yellow silk banner with a rattlesnake, and perhaps a pine tree, emblazoned upon it, with the significant legend, "Don't tread on me!"

Hopkins made an abortive expedition to New Providence, in which Jones had but one opportunity to distinguish him-

self. At the peril of his commission, when the regular pilots refused to do so, he volunteered to take the Alfred through a difficult and dangerous channel. Needless to say, he succeeded—he always succeeded!

His first independent command was the little schooner Providence, of seventy men and twelve four-pound guns. In the fall of 1775 he made a notable cruise in this schooner; he skirmished with, and escaped from, by seamanship and daring, two heavy frigates, the Solebay and the Milford; in four months he captured sixteen vessels, eight of which were sent in as prizes, five burned, three returned to certain poor fishermen; and he destroyed property aggregating a million dollars.

Later, in command of the Alfred, with a short crew of one hundred and fifty when he should have had three hundred, he made another brilliant cruise in which he burned several British transports, captured one storeship laden to the gunwales with priceless munitions of war and supplies, cut out three of the coal fleet from under the guns of the Flora frigate, and had another smart brush with the Milford.

JONES FIRST HOISTS THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Commissioned captain on the 14th of June, 1777, in the same resolution which established an American flag, he was ordered to the Ranger, a little ship-rigged corvette of three hundred tons. In her, on the 4th of July of the same year, he hoisted the first Stars and Stripes that had ever waved over a ship of war. In Quiberon Bay—famous as one of the battle-grounds of the world—on the evening of the 14th of February, 1778, in the Ranger, he received the first formal recognition ever given by a foreign fleet to the United States in a salute to the American flag. As it was after sunset when the salutes were exchanged, and in order that there should be no mistake about it, the next morning, the 15th of February, Jones transferred his flag to the Independence, a small privateer, and deliberately sailed through La Motte Piquet's great fleet of towering line-of-battle-ships, saluting and receiving salutes again.

Still on the Ranger, on the 24th of April, he fought the British sloop-of-war Drake, of equal force and larger crew, to a standstill in an hour and five minutes. When the Drake struck her flag, her rigging, sails and spars were cut to pieces. She had forty-two killed and wounded—more than one-fifth of her crew—and was completely helpless. The Ranger lost two killed and six wounded.

In 1779 Jones hoisted his flag on the Duc de Duras, a condemned East Indiaman, which would have been broken up had he not turned her into a makeshift frigate by mounting forty guns in her batteries — fourteen twelve-pounders, twenty nines, and six eighteens. This, in honor of Franklin, he named the Bonhomme Richard. Accompanied by the fine little American-built frigate Alliance and the French ship Pallas, with the brig Vengeance and the cutter Cerf, he cruised around England, taking several prizes, and striking terror all along the shore.

THE BATTLE WITH THE SERAPIS.

On the evening of the 23rd of September he fell in with the Baltic convoy. He was accompanied at the time by the Alliance and the Pallas. The Baltic convoy was protected by the Serapis and the Scarborough. The Serapis was a brand-new double-banked frigate of eight hundred tons, carrying twenty eighteen-pounders, twenty nines, and ten sixes. Inasmuch as the eighteen-pounders on the Richard burst and were abandoned after the first fire, the Serapis could and did discharge nearly twice as many pounds' weight of broad-

side as the Richard—say three hundred pounds to one hundred and seventy-five. The Pallas grappled with the Scarborough—a more equal match—and Jones attacked the Serapis, which was not unwilling—quite the contrary—for the fight.

The battle was one of the most memorable and desperate ever fought upon the ocean. The Richard was riddled like a sieve. Her rotten sides were literally blown out to starboard and port by the heavy batteries of the Serapis. Jones had several hundred English prisoners on board. The master-at-arms released them, but with great readiness and presence of mind Jones sent them to the pumps while he continued to fight the English frigate, his own ship kept afloat by their efforts.

Captain Pearson, of the Serapis, was as brave a man as ever drew a sword, but he was no match for the indomitable personality of the American commander. After several hours of such fighting as had scarcely been seen before on the narrow seas, he struck his flag. The Alliance, commanded by a jealous and incapable Frenchman, had contributed nothing to Jones' success. Indeed, she had twice poured her broadsides into the Richard. The American vessel was so wrecked alow and aloft that she sank alongside, and Jones had to transfer the survivors of his crew to the English frigate. The aggregate of the two crews was nearly seven hundred, of which about three hundred and fifty were killed or wounded.

It is the greatest pity that the poverty of America did not permit Jones to get to sea in a proper frigate, or in a ship of the line, before the close of the war. After the Revolution, in which he had borne so conspicuous a part, so much so that his exploits had electrified both continents, he took service under Catherine of Russia, carefully reserving his American citizenship. In her service he fought four brilliant actions in the Black Sea, in which he had to contend with the usual discouragement of indifferent personnel and wretched material, and in which he displayed all his old-time qualities, winning his usual successes, too.

Worn out in unrequited service, disgusted with Russian court intrigues of which he was the victim, resentful of the infamous Potemkin's brutal attempts at coercion, he asked leave of absence from Catherine's service and went to Paris, where, in the companionship of his friends and in the society of the beautiful Aimee de Telison, the one woman he loved, he lived two years and died at the age of forty-five.

A HERO'S FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Besides the memory of his battles, Paul Jones left a collection of immortal sayings, which are the heritage of the American navy and the admiration of brave men the world over. When the monument which is to be erected shall be ready for inscriptions, these may with propriety be carved upon it:

"*I do not wish to have command of any ship that does not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way!*" Brave little captain!

"*I have ever looked out for the honor of the American flag.*" It is the truth itself.

"*I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States.*" The title was one that Paul Jones signally honored.

Last, but not least, that curt phrase which comes ringing through the centuries like a trumpet call to battle; the words with which he replied to the demand of the astonished Pearson, who saw the enemy's ship beaten to a pulp, and wondered why he did not yield:

"*I have not yet begun to fight!*"

That was the finest phrase, under the circumstances, that ever came from the lips of an American sailor. "It was no new message. The British had heard it

as they tramped again and again up the bullet-swept slopes of Bunker Hill; Washington rang it in the ears of the Hessians on the snowy Christmas morning at Trenton; the hoof-beats of Arnold's horse kept time to it in the wild charge at Saratoga; it cracked with the whip of the old wagoner Morgan at the Cowpens; the Maryland troops drove it home in the hearts of their enemies with Greene at Guilford Court-House; and the drums of France and America beat it into Cornwallis' ears when the end came at Yorktown. There, that night, in that darkness, in that still moment of battle, Paul Jones declared the determination of a great people. His was the expression of an inspiration on the part of a new nation. From this man came a statement of our unshakable determination, at whatever cost, to be free! A new Declaration of Independence, this famous word of warning to the brave sailor of the British king."

WHAT JONES DID FOR HIS COUNTRY.

Never in his long career did Jones have a decent ship or a respectable crew. His materials were always of the very poorest. His officers, with the exception of Richard Dale, were but little to boast of. What he accomplished he accomplished by the exercise of his own indomitable will, his serene courage, his matchless skill as a sailor, and his devotion to the cause he had espoused. After his death, among his papers, the following little memorandum of his services, written in his own hand, was found:

> In 1775, J. Paul Jones armed and embarked in the first American ship of war. In the Revolution he had twenty-three battles and solemn rencontres by sea; made seven descents in Britain and her colonies; took of her navy two ships of equal, and two of superior force, many store-ships, and others; constrained her to fortify her ports; suffer the Irish volunteers; desist from her cruel burnings in America, and exchange, as prisoners of war, the American citizens taken on the ocean, and cast into prisons of England, as "traitors, pirates, and felons!"

Indeed a truthful and a brilliant record.

Paul Jones was accused of being a pirate. The charge was a long time dying, but it is today generally disavowed, and I dare say that if the battleship bearing his coffin passes the white cliffs of England or the war leviathans of King Edward, the last testimony of honor will not be withheld from British guns. When he lands upon American shores, may we not believe that from some valhalla of the heroes, where the mighty men of the past mingle in peace and amity, he can see and take pride in the tardy outpouring of our fellow citizens to greet this first sea-king of our flag?

Now, this story of the magnificent career of John Paul Jones, so briefly summarized, has been often told, and its details are familiar to every schoolboy. There is one mystery connected with his life, however, which has not yet been solved. I purpose to make here an original contribution toward its solution. No one knows positively—it is probable that no one ever will know, why John Paul assumed the name of Jones. Of course the question is not vital to Jones' fame, for from whatever reason he assumed the name by which he is remembered, he certainly honored it most signally; but the reason for the assumption is nevertheless of deep interest to all lovers of history. There have been two explanations of his action.

WHY DID HE TAKE THE NAME OF JONES?

Five years ago two biographies of Jones appeared simultaneously. One I

had the honor of writing myself. The other was from the pen of that gifted and able author, the late Colonel Augustus C. Buell. Our accounts were in singular agreement, save in one or two points, and our conclusions as to the character of Jones in absolute harmony. In Colonel Buell's book he put forth the theory—which, so far as I know, had not before been formulated—that John Paul assumed the names of Jones in testamentary succession to his brother, William Paul, who had preceded him to America; and that William Paul had himself taken the name in testamentary succession to one William Jones, a childless old planter of Middlesex County, Virginia, who bequeathed to the said William Paul an extensive plantation on the Rappahannock, some nine miles below Urbana, at a place called Jones' Wharf, on condition that he call himself Jones. In 1805 this Jones property was owned by members of the Taliaferro family, who had received it from Archibald Frazier, who claimed to have received it from John Paul Jones, although there are no records of transfer extant.

My theory, which Colonel Buell facetitiously characterized—in all good humor—as "Tar-heel mythology," stated that John Paul assumed the name of Jones out of friendship and regard for the justly celebrated Jones family of North Carolina, and especially for Mrs. Willie Jones, who is not unknown to history, and who was one of the most brilliant and charming women in the colonies. Members of this family had befriended him and assisted him pecuniarily, and had extended to him the bounteous hospitality of the famous plantations, Mount Gallant and The Groves, near Halifax. It was through their influence with Congressman Hewes that Jones received his commission as a lieutenant in the Continental Navy. In further explanation it was suggested that on casting his lot in with the rebellious colonies, John Paul, who was somewhat erratic as well as romantic and impulsive, determined to take a new name and begin life over again.

Here are two utterly irreconcilable theories. I at once wrote to Colonel Buell asking him to inform me what was his authority for his statement. I quote, with his permission given me before his lamented death, from several letters that he wrote me:

> My first authentic information on the subject was from a gentleman named William Louden, whom I met in St. Louis in 1873, when I was attached to the *Missouri Republican*. Mr. Louden was a great-grandson of Mary Paul Louden, sister of John Paul Jones. He was the only surviving blood relative of Paul Jones in this country, being his great-grandnephew. He told me substantially the history of the change of name as related in my first volume.
>
> Two years later I met the late General Taliaferro of Virginia in Washington, and he corroborated the version, together with the history of the Jones plantation, of which he (General Taliaferro) had become the owner.
>
> One would naturally judge that the great-grandnephew of the man himself, and the gentleman who had subsequently owned the property, ought to know something about the antecedents of both the man and the land. . . . I doubt whether documentary evidence—such as would be admitted in court—can ever be found.

Colonel Buell also called attention to the fact that in none of Paul Jones' extant letters to Joseph Hewes is there any reference to the North Carolina Jones family; and further, that Jones and Hewes became acquainted in com-

mercial transactions before Jones settled in America.

A SEARCH FOR HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.

In an attempt to settle this question I wrote to all the Virginia county clerks on both sides of the Rappahannock River, asking them if any copy of the will of William Jones, or that of William Paul Jones, could be found in their records. Most of these Virginia county records were destroyed in the Civil War. By great good fortune, however, those of Spotsylvania County, in which the city of Fredericksburg is situated, were preserved, and I herewith append a copy of the will of William Paul, in which he bequeathes his property, making no mention of any plantation and no mention of the name of William Jones, to his sister Mary Young, who afterward married Loudon.

In the name of God Amen; I, William Paul, of the Town of Fredericksburg and County of Spotsylvania in Virginia—Being in perfect sound memory thanks be to Almighty God, and knowing it is appointed unto all men to die, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following revoking all former will or wills by me heretofore made.

Principally and first of all, I recommend my soul to Almighty God who gave it, hoping through the merits of my blessed Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ to find Redemption, and as to touching and concerning what worldly estate it has pleased God to bless me with, I dispose of it in the following manner:

Item—It is my will and desire that all my just debts and funeral expenses be first paid by my Executor hereafter named, who are desired to bury my body in a decent Christian like manner.

Item—It is my will and desire that my Lots and Houses in this Town be sold and converted into money for as much as they will bring, that with all my other estate being sold and what of my outstanding debts that can be collected, I give and bequeath to my beloved sister Mary Young and her two eldest children and their heirs in Arbiglon in Parish of Kirkbeen in Stewartry of Galloway, North Brittain, forever. I do hereby empower my Executors to sell and convey the said land lots and houses and make a fee simple therein, as I could or might do in my proper person, and I do appoint my friends Mr. Wm. Templeman and Isaac Heislop my Executors to see this my will executed, confirming this to be my last will and testament. In Witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and fixed my seal as my last act & deed This 22nd day of Mrch, 1772.

Wm. Paul [Seal]

Wm. Paul having heard the above will distinctly read, Declared the same to be his last will and testament in the presence of us

John Atkinson
Thomas Holmes
B. Johnston

William Paul evidently died in 1774 instead of 1773, as all the biographies of his famous brother have it, and the will was accordingly probated, as will be seen from the following transcript of the court records:

At a Court continued and held for Spotsylvania County December the 16th 1774

The Last Will and Testament of Wm. Paul deceased was proved by the oaths of John Atkinson, a witness thereto and ordered to be cer-

tified and the Executors therein named refusing to take upon themselves the burden of the execution thereof, On the motion of John Atkinson who made oath and together with John Waller, Jr his security entered into and acknowledged their bond in the Penalty of five hundred Pounds as the law directs Certificate is granted him for obtaining letter of administration on the said decedents estate with his will aforesaid annexed in due form.

In further support of these facts, the grave of William Paul was recently discovered in St. George's churchyard, Fredericksburg, and his tombstone bears the date of 1774. This effectually disposes of Colonel Buell's contention. For whatever reason John Paul assumed the name of Jones, it was not in testamentary succession to William Paul; for William Paul kept his inherited surname to the last.

It occurred to me that John Paul might have been empowered to represent his sister in the settlement of his brother's estate. A power of attorney which would enable him to attend to her affairs would not necessarily have been registered in the Scottish or American courts: yet knowing the methodical habit of the Scottish bar, I caused search to be made in the private papers and records of those local advocates who might possibly have handled the business in Scotland, but with no results so far.

I also had search made for any conveyance of the property mentioned in the will by William Paul's administrators. I append a copy of a letter from Mr. J. P. H. Crismund, county clerk of Spotsylvania County.

Spotsylvania, Va., June 7, 1901.

I have made the matter of John Paul Jones and William Paul and William Jones a matter of most careful study and search, but have not been able to find anything beyond the last will and testament of William Paul, a copy of which I send you. My first search was made to find the conveyance from William Paul's administration, with will annexed, conveying the houses and lots in Fredericksburg which are directed in William Paul's will to be sold, but the records nowhere show this. This seems and is strange, because some disposition must have been made of this property in some way, but I cannot find this here. I then followed the fiduciary indexes to see if I could find where there was any settlement of William Paul's estate, but could not find any settlement. I then examined carefully the court order books to see if I could find anything about the enlistment and service of John Paul to John Paul Jones—but this was also fruitless. William Paul could not have assumed the name of Jones, as he leaves his last will and testament in the name of Paul, and there is no other will of record in the name of Paul, nor is there any will of record in the name of John Paul Jones. I have given this matter much thought and attention and work, but I cannot find a clue to anything named in your letter to me and concerning which youmakeinquiry. AsWilliamPaul's property was in Fredericksburg, it may be that the settlement of his estate and account of the sale of his effects is of record there. If you desire to write to the clerk of corporation court of that city as to that, he will courteously attend to your matter of inquiry.

Yours sincerely,
J. P. H. Crismund.

I wrote as Mr. Crismund suggested, but could get no further information.

THE JONESES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Now to revert to the North Carolina account. It comes down as straight as such a story could. Colonel Cadwallader Jones of North Carolina, in a privately printed genealogical history of his family, states that he was born in 1812. His grandmother, Mrs. Willie Jones, died in 1828. He lived with her for the first fifteen years of his life. He declares positively that she told him that John Paul had taken the name for the reasons mentioned. The matter was generally so stated and accepted in the family. Mrs. Willie Jones was a woman of unusual mental force and character, and preserved the full use of her faculties until her death.

The same statement is made independently by descendants of other branches of the Jones family. For instance, Mr. Armistead Churchill Gordon, of Staunton, Virginia, had it direct from his great-aunt, who was a kinswoman of Mrs. Jones, and who heard from her the circumstances referred to. And there are still other lines of tradition which create a strong probability in favor of the credibility of the theory.

For one thing, if Jones did represent his sister in the settlement of his brother's estate, it is probable that he would have to give bond for the proper performance of his trust, and it is sometimes stated that Willie and Allen Jones went on his bond for five hundred pounds—just the sum required of the executors, by the way. It is also singular, in view of this will leaving property to his grand-mother, that the Louden whom Mr. Buell knew—and who is said to have died in New Orleans in 1887—should have been so mistaken in his statements; but on this point the evidence of the will is absolutely conclusive.

PAUL JONES NEVER A MAN OF WEALTH.

Colonel Buell claims that John Paul Jones had riches and influence in Virginia after the death of his brother, but the claim is not tenable according to an exhaustive review of his book in the *Virginia Historical Magazine*. In the face of the present exhibit, and in view of the fact that Jones himself spoke of living for two years in Virginia on fifty pounds, the story of his wealth cannot be credited. It is therefore entirely in harmony with the facts to accept the North Carolina tradition, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary. The direct statement coming to us, in one instance, through but one generation is entitled to respect. As a matter of fact, both Colonel Buell's version of the matter and my own story rest upon tradition alone, with this difference—the evidence submitted absolutely excludes one of the accounts, the other therefore logically comes to the fore.

And thus, I think, I have contributed to clear up one mooted point in American history.

Cardinal Gibbons Branded With Disloyalty to the United States

Wm. Macon Coleman

ON the morning of November 19, 1912, the "*Washington Post*" contained an account of a sermon by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. William T. Russell, of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C.

According to the "*Post*," the speaker stated in his sermon that a number of pamphlets and publications had been circulated giving what purported to be certain oaths taken by hierarchs, priests and members of orders in the Catholic church, which alleged oaths, the speaker said, they did not take, and which alleged oaths he denounced as false and libelous. He concluded his sermon with an offer of a reward of $1.000 to anyone who would prove that any oath was required or taken by any priest or hierarch which contained anything disloyal to the government of the United States. This is the substance of the article referred to in the "*Post*" as I understood it. The language used by the speaker was not given in the *Post's* report.

Now I, myself, had written a pamphlet entitled "The Men and Religion Forward Movement" in which I quoted two extracts from the oath which I affirmed had been taken by Cardinal Gibbons when he was inducted into office.

The connection in which I referred to this oath in my pamphlet is the following:

At the great Roman Catholic jubilee held in Baltimore in honor of Cardinal Gibbons, President Taft, who was present, is reported by the Baltimore *Sun* to have addressed the Cardinal as follows:

He (Taft) "was especially delighted with the entire consistency which the Cardinal had demonstrated between patriotism and love of country on the one hand and sincere devotion to the church on the other."

After showing some reasons why devotion to Rome "on the one hand" was not compatible with a love of American institutions "on the other," I concluded as follows:

But even more than this. When Gibbons entered into office as Cardinal he took an oath. Let us look a little into this oath.

He swore to be "faithful and *obedient* to the Holy Peter and the Holy Roman Apostolic Church." He swore, furthermore:

"To be ever ready to aid them (the Popes) to retain, defend, and *recover* their rights." And one of the "rights" now lost but still claimed by Rome is imperial power and supremacy over all kings, princes, potentates and presidents of the earth.

He swore, furthermore, in the following words:

"To try in every way to assert, uphold, preserve, increase, and promote the rights *even temporal, especially those of the civil principality*, the liberty, the honor, privileges, and authority of Holy Roman Church, of *our lord*, the *Pope*, and the aforesaid successors."

Here, in so many words, of no ambiguous meaning, Gibbons swears to uphold and aid the Pope in regaining his lost "civil principality."

He also swore:

"To combat with every effort hereties, schismatics, and those *rebelling* against our lord, the Pope, and his successors."

And who are those "rebelling?"

They are those who have wrested the civil or spiritual power from the Pope's hands.

And among the rebels is the United States.

LETTER TO MGR. RUSSELL.

Washington, D. C.,
423 G St., N. W.,
November 19, 1912.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Russell:

Dear Sir—I note your reward offered in the "*Post*" of this morning. This public offer justifies me in writing to you without being guilty of impertinence. And I am not writing for the reward, but for information, as follows, to wit:

Are the following alleged extracts from the Cardinal's oath taken by Cardinal Gibbons genuine or are they false:

1. "To be ever ready to aid them (the Popes) to retain, defend and recover their rights."

11. "To try in every way to assert, uphold, preserve, increase and promote the rights, even temporal, especially those of the civil principality."

Very respectfully,
WM. MACON COLEMAN.

MGR. RUSSELL'S REPLY.

In answer to this letter I received the following prompt and obliging reply:

Dear Mr. Coleman: In reply to your letter to Monsignor Russell in reference to the so-called Cardinal's oath, he directs me to say that he has written to His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, asking for authentic information on the subject. I enclose the answer of the Cardinal, which was written in a hurry and in pencil.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN B. FLYNN, Secretary.

Mr. Wm. Macon Coleman,
423 G St., N. W.

THE NOTE FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The answer of the Cardinal referred to in the above letter and written in his own hand and over his own signature reads as follows:

Dear Doctor Russell: I have no knowledge of such a formula.

(Signed) J. CARD G.

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE CARDINAL.

This shot from His Eminence, the Cardinal, put me in bad. If he who had taken the oath, had no knowledge of such an oath, as I said he had taken, then it would appear but just and reasonable that I should be listed in the category of falsifiers and libelers. It behooved me to get busy. I did.

After long and vexatious delay and no little trouble, I succeeded in procuring a back number of "*The London Daily Telegraph*," which paper is now before me on my table. The date of the paper is December 1, 1911.

It contains a full column under the title, "New Cardinals." The article is written from Rome and signed, "Reuter." The high character of the *Telegraph* alone should be a sufficient guarantee for the truth of the communication.

The article here referred to begins as follows:

"The great Public Consistory of this morning, in which fourteen Cardinals received their red hats—the recipients comprising one Englishman and two Americans—was an imposing and solemn function.

"Before the great public ceremony the new members of the Sacred College repaired to the Sistine Chapel, where, kneeling, they took the oath of fealty to the Pontiff before the three Cardinals who are the heads of the three Orders of Cardinals."

And here follows the entire oath in full, taking up half a long column in small type.

I have compared the oath given in

the *Telegraph* with the extracts which I gave in my pamphlet, and I find an exact agreement both in the word and in the letter.

But, as even the high authority of the *Telegraph* might be called in question by some over-scrupulous and over-zealous person, I have corroborated and confirmed its testimony by evidence which the keenest Jesuit cunning and the most artful practitioner of casuistry will not be able to refute.

The world over, the *London Tablet* is recognized among Roman Catholics as an authority for facts pertaining to matters ecclesiastical.

And the *Tablet* admits that the oath printed in the *Daily Telegraph* and to which reference has here been made, is the authentic and genuine oath which the Cardinals take on induction into office, and which was taken in this particular case by the two American Cardinals recently appointed. The admission is made in the *London Tablet* of December 16, 1911, to be found in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.

Of course I do not ask or expect the $1,000 reward. What I do ask and expect is that the impartial and intelligent public will put the evidence I have produced above the lapse in the memory of Cardinal Gibbons.

The So-Called Negro Problem Meaningless at the South

Farrar Newberry, A.M.

BETWEEN the censuses of 1900 and 1910 the papers and periodicals flooded the country with articles purporting to show that the negro was the greatest menace to the civilization of the South, a "blot on the 'scutcheon" of Southern progress, and a curse to the American people. For the alleviation of this so-called burden it has been suggested that either enormous expenditures from the government purse be made, or the negroes be colonized in some remote portion of the globe, or else race amalgamation, excessive crime and bloodshed, ultimate race war and the extinction of the black man would result.

But whatever we may have thought of such agitations as these, of the repeal of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution, or of iron-clad political control of the negro by State legislation, approaching as near as we may to the slavotic discipline of the old regime; nevertheless, studying the statistics for more recent years—and figures, while often inaccurate, never lie, out and out—we are forced to the conclusion that the negro bugbear, so far from being the deadly menace it has been colored up being, is now no burden at all, or if it is, is becoming lighter with the passing years, and with the greater spread of educational facilities and religious fervor, and the increased material interest in the soil the black man tills, is calculated to be entirely lifted within the next quarter or half century.

Chief, perhaps, among the reasons why the negro has been, and is, charged with being such a sore upon all progress at the South, is cited the large number of negro criminals and paupers which fill the jails and poorhouses of that section. It is true that passing through almost any county jail or State

penitentiary in the Southern States we expect to see a large per cent. of black prisoners. But this per cent. is not so large as we might think, and is actually decreasing as time goes by. Many people throughout the country have the idea that the proportion of negroes among the criminals is at least ninety per cent. On the other hand, it is less than seventy-five per cent. On June 30, 1904, the latest date for which crime statistics are available, the proportion of negroes among the criminals of the South was seventy-two and three-tenths per cent.

Among the South's paupers we find an even smaller per cent. of negroes. On December 31, 1903, this proportion was only thirty-two per cent. The question of the Southern white boy who asked his mother if there were any "nigger" tramps, is really significent.

A striking sign of improvement among the race is to be seen from a careful study of the census illiteracy figures. While in 1890 the negro formed 60.7 per cent. of the South's illiterates, in 1900, the latest year for which data are available, the per cent. was only 48. In ten years it dropped 12 per cent. In other words, the number of negroes of school age who could not read nor write in 1900 was less than four-fifths of what it was in 1890. Beyond all doubt the figures for 1910 will show an even greater falling off, and if the percentage of black illiterates should be reduced continuously in each future decade by as great an amount as in the period from 1890 to 1900, it would actually become nothing in 1940.

These results are attributable mainly to the increasing educational facilities afforded to the negro of the twentieth century South. With him, as with the Southern white man, the older the individual the more likely he is to be illiterate. And if a man, especially a black man, does not learn to write before he is twenty, it is exceedingly improbable that he will ever learn. The most noticeable decrease in illiteracy is shown in those between thirty-five and forty-four, 52 per cent., and those between forty-five and fifty-four, 68 1-10 per cent. The individuals of the last-named group were about ten to twenty years of age when the war and reconstruction passed over the South, and most of them were too far in life to profit by any new educational facilities. If the magnificent educational opportunities now afforded by the Southern people to the negro continue—and of course they will continue, in most states the whites taxing themselves for the purpose of training black neighbors—the percentage of their illiteracy may be fairly calculated to decrease about one-third by the end of the generation just coming to school age. Of the parents of these children, not more than one-half can read and write; their children will in all probability find only one-fourth of their number in this condition when they shall have passed the school age.

The negro's intensely religious personality is notorious. Whenever he has any religious proclivities at all his enthusiasm in their exercise is generally kept at fever heat, at least on Sundays. Since ante-bellum days the darky's religion has been one of the laughable characteristics which mark him out, distinctly, from other races. And the really laughable part of it has been the fact that as a rule this enthusiasm did not continue through the work days of the week, and was in fact scarcely ever noticeable except during the actual services at church, at which time his piety was usually so deep as to call forth groanings over the pitiful condition of the lost, and "lamentations of joy" over the redemption of a forsaken soul which evidences of piety, by the way, we may often hear now by going to where a negro meeting is in session.

And yet notwithstanding this ridiculous side of the colored man's worship of his maker, still we must uncover

when we face the fact of the marvelous increase in the physical, material evidences of the sincerity of his religion, which aggravation has gone hand-in-hand with his progress along other lines. This increase must be the outcome of a more earnest religious fervor, and a more genuine and a deeper faith.

This development has come about largely within the last twenty years. The number of religious organizations among the negroes has swollen by 13,308 since 1890, the number of communicants by almost a million and a quarter, and the number of church edifices by approximately thirteen thousand, while the value of their church property shows the remarkable increase of about $35,000,000. Their houses of worship and other church property now aggregate in value one and a half billions. Further, the colored people now have one-third as many more ministers to explain to them the unfathomable riches, as in 1896.

In addition to these marks of religious advancement, we find that now ninety-one and two-tenths per cent. of all negro church organizations maintain Sunday schools with regular sessions every Sabbath for the religious training of their youth. The value of these Sunday Schools in working the moral salvation of the Southern black man is inestimable. We can now say with truth that in practically every place where there is a negro church there is also a Sunday School whose purpose it is to instill into the character of the negro children religious principles and righteous motives. This no doubt accounts in part for the noticeable decrease in criminality among the blacks.

Politically, the negro amounts to very little, in the South as elsewhere. He doesn't care to figure largely in the government which rules over him, and unless attacked will remain quiet and permit his white friends and neighbors to do the ruling for him. Most of the Southern States have quietly and without great show or pretense taken from his hands the ballot which for a quarter of a century now he has little cared to exercise, except when he has believed that political sharks were trying in some way to cheat and to deceive him. In the recent election in Arkansas the negroes came in large numbers to the polls to help vote down a "grandfather clause" intended to disfranchise them, whereas, in previous elections where no sensational fight was made on them, they have as a rule stayed quietly at home on election day. Nowhere in the South is the negro a great political factor.

But the most gratifying statistics are those, now just off the government press, relative to the negro's advance along agricultural lines. We have heard many calamity howlers predict that in a few years the negro, either from inclination or because forced to do so by Southern whites, would find himself at the North and East hunting in vain for work he couldn't do. To such as have held beliefs of this kind the figures are astounding. The number of negro farmers has increased during the decade, 1900 to 1910 proportionately more rapidly than the number of white farmers. The percentages are, for negroes, 1910, nine, and for whites, 17 per cent. The Southern negroes are certainly going into farming in proportionately larger numbers than ever before, and are consequently becoming more and more responsible for the South's enormous output. The failure or success of that output, which forms so great a portion of the raw material of the world's supply of food and clothing today depends more than ever upon the "black battalions" of the Southern fields. This increase, moreover, in the number of negro farmers at the South has gone hand in hand with a remarkable aggravation in farm values of the section, and an enormous increase in the value

of Southern agricultural products, during the decade mentioned. For the working of Southern farm soil $120,000,000 more is being spent today than in 1900.

The figures further show that in those states where the proportion of negroes is largest there has been equally as much progress along these lines as in those states where the whites overwhelmingly predominate. Further, no Southern town of over twenty-five hundred people is very largely negro, as some of the agricultural districts are. This is true, even of those cities of that rich alluvial country along the lower Mississippi, where the percentage of negroes is so high. In fact, nearly five-sixths of the negroes of the South live in the rural districts and practice agriculture for a livelihood. It might be interesting to state here that at the North and East the negro is just as truly a denizen of the cities as he is of the country at the South.

It is evident, then, that while the negro forms a goodly per cent. of the criminal, the pauper and the illiterate elements of his section, yet his participation in these evidences of retardation is decreasing, and he bids fair to form a vastly smaller proportion twenty-five to fifty years from now than he does today; that he is both educationally and religiously on the highway of improvement; that he wishes to live in peace and quiet and send his children to the schools which both he and his white neighbors are taxing themselves so nobly to give them; that, finally the tendency of the Southern negro of the twentieth century is not toward the shiftless and worthless vagrancy of city life, but rather toward the agricultural exploitation and development of the farm, his childhood home. His careful attendance to his own business, his permanent occupation and development of the soil, his eagerness to free himself from the thraldom of ignorance, lawlessness and discouragement, and work himself into the confidence of the world, coupled with the Southern white man's honest and neighborly assistance —these things are making the South's so-known and so-called negro problem, at least so far as the black man and his efforts go, no problem at all.

Who Ate Roger Williams?

THE memory of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was long neglected. He died in 1683, after a long and active life, but for a long time his grave lay unmarked.

In 1856 the Rev. J. H. McCarty contributed to the *Ladies' Repository* a series of articles on Roger Williams, in one of which he told the following interesting story of the discovery of the dead Puritan's grave, and hinted at the unconscious cannibalism of the neigbors.

During a period of one hundred and eighty-three years not even a rough stone had been set up to mark the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality of his grave had been almost forgotten, and could only be ascertained by the most careful investigation. Suffice it to say, however, the spot was found, and the exhumation was made a short time ago—though there was little to exhume.

On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground, the dim outlines of seven graves, contained within less than one square rod, revealed the burial ground of Roger Williams. The easterly

grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams.

On digging down into the "charnel house" it was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carcenaceous matter, the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair which had survived the lapse of more than one hundred and eighty years.

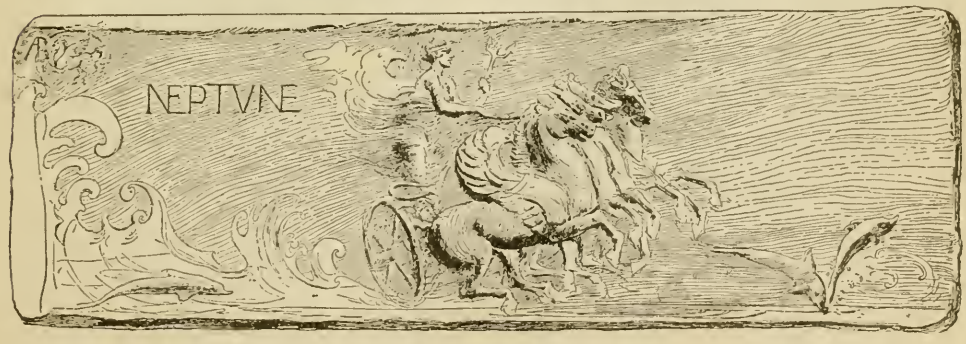
Near the grave stood a venerable apple-tree, when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn, as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toes.

One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear a close resemblance to a human form.

There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust! Not a trace of anything was left! It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic-acid gas, water, and air, while the solid lime-dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves was all gone! There stood the "guilty apple-tree," as was said at the time, caught in the very act of "robbing the grave."

To explain the phenomenon is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be given, and many other similar cases adduced. But this fact must be admitted: the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmuted into the apple-tree; it had passed into the woody fiber and was capable of propelling a steam-engine; it had bloomed in the appleblossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, Who ate Roger Williams?



Secret History of the Garfield-Conkling Tragedy

T. B. Connery

FROM time to time I have seen articles in magazines and newspapers concerning the famous Garfield-Conkling controversy which, twenty-six years ago, created so much excitement in the political world and culminated in one of the most curious facts known to American history—I mean the resignation of Senators Conkling and Platt. But that singular proceeding was not perhaps the only result; for many have believed—and I am among the number—that even the assassination of President Garfield might be traced to the extraordinary excitement generated by the controversy in the diseased brain of Guiteau. Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, evidently held to that belief, for in his "Century" article, published some years ago, occurs the statement, that "in two short months from the retirement of Conkling, the president himself was shot by the madman Guiteau, possessed with the idea that in some way his own failure to get office grew out of this unfortunate and fatal quarrel."

As a partial, or probable, confirmation of this theory, I may state that when Guiteau was arrested there was found on his person a copy of the New York "Herald," containing a severe arraignment of the president for his double-dealing with Conkling in the matter of New York appointments. The article was marked by Guiteau, and it is supposed that he carried it about with him, reading it frequently and brooding over it, until his brain became inflamed with the murderous impulse. That copy of the "Herald" has been preserved by me, having come into my possession after the assassin's trial and execution.

Though so many articles have been published about the famous controversy, no complete and connected account, giving all the material facts and side-issues, has yet appeared in print, and I have finally decided to try to supply the ficiency.

Very unexpectedly I became entagled in the controversy, owing to the fact that at the time I was in charge of the "Herald," the support of which Senator Conkling desired before irrevocably committing himself to open warfare upon President Garfield. The "Herald" being at the head of the independent press, Conkling believed that its support would also secure that of all the other nonpartisan papers of the country, and in that case he could safely throw down the gauntlet of defiance to his enemies, chief among whom were Blaine, Robertson and Garfield. Blaine he regarded as the most bitter and dangerous, Robertson next and Garfield least of all three: for, in Conkling's view, the president was only the easy tool of the other two.

It was early in May, 1881, that I received a note from Senator Conkling asking me to go to Washington to see him on the most important matter, he not being free to leave his post at the time. I answered him that it would be very inconvenient for me to leave my own post and advised him to explain his wishes to Mr. Nordhoff, who was then the "Herald's" correspondent at Washington. For reasons not necessary to explain here, Conkling declined to do this, and so, after the exchange of many telegrams, I finally decided—and with very great reluctance—to comply with the senator's request. With reluctance because, in the first place, I had

no very great liking for the senator, and in the second place, I did not fancy becoming entangled in a discussion, the merits of which were not clear nor the end apparently near. From which it will be easily inferred that I suspected the reason of Senator Conkling's earnest and repeated invitations.

I put up at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington, without registering, and after breakfast I repaired at once to Senator Conkling's lodgings. At that period he and Vice-President Arthur occupied apartments together in a very ordinary furnished house at the corner of Fourteenth and F streets. The senator had gone out to breakfast when I reached the place, but Vice-President Arthur was there and received me most cordially. I was not sorry to find him alone, as it gave me an opportunity to talk over the political situation and learn the cause of my urgent summons. Arthur was then as near to being a bosom friend of Conkling as any man could be, and I felt certain that he would know what it was Conkling wished to communicate to me personally. His first words confirmed me in the opinion.

"I am so glad you decided to come here. Conkling was very anxious for it," said Vice-President Arthur.

So I put this question plump to him at once: "What is all this mystery about?" Arthur thereupon told me that the senator intended to make a public issue with Garfield; that he had tried every honorable means of avoiding such an issue, but that there was no escape from it. He was forced by the president's weak truckling to Secretary Blaine and his tortuous methods in dealing with the New York patronage to lay the whole case before the public.

"Garfield has not been square, nor honorable, nor truthful with Conkling," said Arthur, in so many moods. "It is a hard thing to say of a president of the United States, but it is, unfortunately, only the truth. Garfield—spurred by Blaine, by whom he is too easily led—has broken every pledge made to us; not only that, but he seems to have wished to do it in a most offensive way."

"How so?" I asked.

"It is a long story," said Arthur, "and I would rather you received it from Conkling himself. But the result today is only what I anticipated. Long ago we heard that Garfield said he intended to 'break' Senator Conkling by showing special favor to the Half Breeds. We were told that the president deemed it necessary to humble Conkling's pride—that he would first break and then conciliate him."

"But what have I to do with it?" I asked.

Arthur smiled and looked at me as if doubting the innocence of my question. "Where you come in is just here," he said. "Conkling would hesitate to begin the war without good assurance of the "Herald's" support. Mr. Bennett is the senator's friend, but he is out of the country, and you being his representative, it is necessary to consult you. Can you and will you pledge the 'Herald's' support?' That is what Conkling wishes to learn from your own lips."

Put to me in this point-blank way, the question startled me. It seemed to imply much more than had occurred to me before talking with Vice-President Arthur. My expectation was that I would be asked to publish certain statements or documentary evidence, and to rather lean to the side of Conkling in discussing the matter editorially, without committing the paper to an exact approval of Senator Conkling's course. But something more was evidently desired. I was not ready to go so far—to give a pledge of support which might mean so much in the case of a man of Conkling's peculiar temperament and unusual ideas of indorsement or championship. I felt I ought to consult Mr. Bennett, but that gentleman

was out of the country—in Europe, Asia, Africa; I knew not exactly where, as I had failed to reach him by cable. Still, I was quite aware that what the vice-president had said about Mr. Bennett's friendly feeling for Conkling was true; for I remembered how he had directed me, in a sweeping way, to oblige and help the senator whenever opportunity offered. But such a general order was a very uncertain guide and might not cover the peculiar circumstances which had developed. To make a mistake might be fraught with very disagreeable consequences, either way, in the case of two such positive men as Conkling and Bennett. I had reason to know that Conkling would be very uncompromising and exacting if I gave a pledge. To make a promise to him which I might not be able, in every particular, to perform literally, would be, I knew, to incur his undying enmity.

The situation was painfully new to me. Never before had I pledged the "Herald's" support to a political policy without consulting with the proprietor, and I did not like the idea of departing from the rule in this particular case. Therefore I hesitated, and General Arthur evidently observed my embarrassment. Pushing a cigar-box toward me, he said:

"Try a cigar. Perhaps a puff will aid your meditations. Smoke while you reflect."

I took a cigar, but answered at once that as yet I could not decide—that I must first know all the facts and see to what an exact pledge might commit the paper.

"Quite right," replied Arthur, adding that of course all the facts would be laid before me; that Conkling himself would do that, and then I could decide intelligently; that even if, after hearing all, I might not find myself free to give the required pledge, no harm could result, for Conkling and himself needed no assurance that I would respect their confidence.

"But he will be mightily disappointed if, at this unpleasant crisis, he finds the 'Herald' will not support him," Arthur declared.

I was quite sure of that, for I had had dealings with the "senior senator" before, and I knew how poorly he supported disappointment, even in trifling matters. How much deeper would be his chagrin and resentment, I asked myself, if thwarted in such an important affair as this—in an affair of such vital moment to his plans and prospects as the contemplated onslaught on President Garfield?

It seemed providential that I had not encountered Conkling before this preliminary talk with the vice-president. It gave me time to reflect. I would be better prepared to wrestle with the senator himself in case I could not give a pledge.

We continued to chat and smoke for some time longer before the senator made his appearance, looking quite serene and unconcerned, like one who had well breakfasted and was not permitting care to weigh heavily on his mind. After the usual greetings we adjourned to another and larger room, where Arthur told of our preliminary conversation, only one part of which seemed to interest Conkling. That was my hesitation to give any pledge before knowing the whole case. A decided shade of displeasure swept across "the front of Jove himself," and the senator seemed on the point of uttering one of his tart sayings. But he suppressed it, and, with a forced smile, remarked:

"Mr. Bennett did promise me the 'Herald's' support before he went away—as solemnly as a man of honor could. You do not forget, I hope, that you told me as much when you called upon me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on my last visit to New York."

This was true enough, and I acknowledged it frankly, though the kind of

support then contemplated was not exactly so far-reaching as that demanded now. I assured the senator that, while there was hardly a doubt of the "Herald's" support, still I must know all about the case before I could unequivocally commit the paper in favor of one side or the other.

During this colloquy the senator was on his legs, leaning against the mantelpiece, while Arthur and I were seated. At my last remark, Conkling began to pace the floor slowly and in silence, glancing at me occasionally, as if trying to calculate how far he might trust me with safety. At least, so I thought at the time, and the thought was extremely disagreeable. But the peculiar scrutiny lasted only for a moment or so, for presently the senator began a rehearsal of his grievances, going back to the days of the National Convention by which Garfield had been nominated, after the fierce struggle between the friends of Grant and Blaine. His exordium was calm and measured, but gradually as he proceeded, he warmed up to his subject, and it was not long before I found myself listening to a regular oration, marked by as much earnestness as if he were really addressing a full senate, with crowded galleries. His hands were clasped behind his back as he paced back and forth, and this motion of the legs, while the brain and tongue were at work, seemed to be a process whereby he worked up gradually with increasing fire and spirit. But there were moments when he unclasped his hands, in the height of his invectives, in order to emphasize some telling point against Blaine, Robertson or Garfield. Then his eyes would flash with scorn and anger, and the sarcastic words would pour out in a perfect flood. Not infrequently he would suddenly halt in front of me, pointing his finger at me in a curiously embarrassing manner, while that "Hyperion curl" would seem to tremble responsively and his whole frame shake from intensity of feeling. That pointing finger was like a personal menace, as if, for the moment, its owner fancied me one of the hated triumvirate of Blaine, Robertson and Garfield, whom he would fain blast on the spot by the lightning of denunciation. I had had a taste before of this extraordinary, and at times almost ludicrous, propensity of Conkling for "orating." He had a remarkable facility in that way, and would wander off into the mazes of eloquence at the slightest provocation, apparently forgetting all else about him. More than once, while I was the "Herald's" chief correspondent at Washington, during the reconstruction period, I had been imprisoned alone with Conkling in his committee-room at the Capitol, while the "orating" fever was on and in full force. But this summing up of his case against Blaine, Robertson and Garfield surpassed anything of his former private orations, and I really believe that, familiar as the whole subject must have been to Vice-President Arthur, that gentleman was quite as much moved and impressed as I was myself by the senator's rich flow of language and energetic gesticulation. The speech must have lasted for two hours at least, Conkling all the time pouring out beautifully rounded periods without halt or hesitation, with the grace and earnestness of a finished actor on the stage. I have often wondered whether there ever was before or since a man so peculiarly gifted with facility of speech as Senator Conkling. Certainly I have never met one, though it has been my good fortune to encounter many of the great orators of the world, whom I found tame and commonplace enough off the platform. But Conkling was never tame or commonplace. He needed no preparation; he was always prepared for a speech—his eloquence ever ready, so to speak, for tap.

"The base perfidy of Judge Robertson" at the convention in abandoning

Grant for Garfield, and the "undignified," "shameful" conduct of Garfield in rewarding the treacherous act of Robertson because it had made "his" (Garfield's) "nomination possible," formed a large part of the exordium, and reappeared later on in his oration at different parts, but it was quite evident that both Garfield and Robertson were minor offenders, in the senator's judgment, compared to Secretary Blaine, whom he recognized as the adroit and unscrupulous cause of the president's hostile attitude. He charged that it was Blaine who had instigated the president in all the attacks upon "the Stalwarts," as the Conkling branch of the New York Republicans was called; it was Blaine who had pestered the president day and night about the necessity of crushing Conkling, and who had infused backbone into the president whenever the slightest sign of limpness appeared. It was Blaine who had talked Garfield into nominating that the act would be looked upon as an intolerable insult to Conkling, and that it would give the upper hand to the "Half Breeds," who were but a mere fraction of New York's Republican hosts. It was Blaine who had induced Garfield to assure Whitelaw Reid, two months before the inauguration, that "the men who had made his nomination possible" would be taken care of and get their reward.

"Reward! reward!" shouted Conkling, scornfully; "reward, sir, for treacherously betraying a sacred trust. Listen, sir, to what Editor Reid had to say in the 'Tribune' of January 3, after a conference with this *man* Garfield and his *honorable* secretary of state, Mr. Blaine."

There was a sneering emphasis on the words "honorable secretary," and Conkling paused for a moment to get from among his papers a clipping from the "Tribune" of January 3, 1881, which he showed me, and which I observed was a double-leaded leader. This he proceeded to read, with running comments, which I can recall now almost literally:

"It is proper to say," read Mr. Conkling, "that the incoming administration will see to it that the men from New York and from other states, who had the courage at Chicago to obey the wishes of their districts in the balloting for president, and who thus finally voted for Garfield, shall not suffer for it or lose by it."

"Observe what a true prophet Mr. Reid was," said Senator Conkling. "The president truly has not let them suffer, and he has rewarded them for their timely votes." Then he resumed reading:

"They will not fail of honorable recognition" ("ah! is it not so?") "of their independence, their courage, their resolute pursuit of the policy they believed best for the Republican party and for the country."

"Great heroes these, the betrayers of their trust," sneered Conkling.

"Gentlemen at Albany, who are said to have been threatened with a different course at Washington, may reassure themselves. The administration of President Garfield is to be an administration for the whole Republican party," continued Conkling, reading. "It will foment no quarrels; it will most earnestly seek the things that make for peace and for the best interests of the party it represents. But it will not permit its friends to be persecuted for their friendship. Whoever has been persuaded to doubt this may as well make henceforth a declaration of independence from the dictation of any authority, save the wishes of constituents and his own convictions of policy and right."

"So you see, sir," Conkling exclaimed, "how long ago this base ingratitude of Garfield was contemplated. You will observe also that the administration's idea of the best way to 'foment no quarrels' is to make war—war, sir

—war upon the larger branch of the Republican party of the Empire State. What was the meaning of that article?" shouted the senator, passionately, throwing the clipping from him in disgust, and pointing his finger at me fiercely; "what was the meaning of it, if not to give me timely warning that the men who had voted faithfully for Grant—the men who clung to their pledges and honor—need expect no quarter from the administration, while the men who had basely violated their pledges by abandoning Grant for Garfield, and thereby turned the tide of voting in favor of Garfield, were to be rewarded for their treachery? 'Rewarded! rewarded! recognition! reward! compensation at the public's expense! the administration will foment no quarrels! Bah!"

This "bah!" was a concentration of sarcastic comment. Then the excited orator leaped to a point of far more importance, namely, the alleged pre-election agreement of Garfield in August, 1880, to defer to the New York senators and the New York Republican State Committee in the matter of New York federal appointments. Distinctly, clearly, such an arrangement had been made by Garfield himself at a conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel at which he, Conkling, did not attend and to which he had been no party. "How willing Garfield then was," Conkling sarcastically declared, "when everything looked blue and certain defeat seemed to stare him in the face; how willing he was to concede anything and everything to the Stalwarts if they would only rush to the rescue and save the day!"

I omit what Conkling said about his own efforts to elect Garfield—how he made a very great sacrifice to do so, giving up business engagements of great value and importance to himself, in order to aid the party and work for its chosen standard-bearer. This has already been done elsewhere, very fully, and so I proceed to other facts pointed out by Senator Conkling, beginning with his visit to Mentor, at Garfield's request, in order to consult with the latter about the policy and appointments of the new administration.

"I have never been able to understand," said the senator, "why this president so invited me. I left my business to visit General Garfield at his home in Mentor, relying upon the statement in his letter of invitation, that he wished to consult with me about subjects relating to his policy, and above all, New York interests. I felt it a duty to obey the invitation at whatever cost to my personal convenience."

Then he went on to state how, when he got to Mentor, he was amazed at the trifling and undecided manner of his host. It seemed that Garfield had called him all the way from New York only to tell him that, "for many reasons," he could not appoint Levi P. Morton secretary of the treasury, and that Judge Folger was not a man of piety. Some one—and Conkling's lips curled disdainfully—some one had told him that Folger drank whiskey instead of tea, like Garfield, and that he had heard that Folger, in other ways, was not a man of good character.

"I told General Garfield," said Conkling, "that I had always known Folger as a man of honor, and I asked him why Folger's character was brought into question. Do you contemplate offering him a cabinet position? If such is your purpose, I would like to advise that the Treasury is the only post which would satisfy New York, and that our State would prefer to be passed altogether if it could not obtain the department to which its rank and service entitled it."

Garfield evaded an answer to this question of the senator, and invited the latter "to tea! tea! tea!" Conkling thus repeated the word tea three times, but I could not quite decide from his manner whether the contemptuous

reference to tea was meant as a reflection upon the Garfield hospitality, or was another sarcastic allusion to the talk about Folger's habits. But that he felt most bitterly the disappointment of hopes raised by his summons to Mentor, was quite clear. It struck me at the time that Conkling must have anticipated an offer of a cabinet position to himself—by which I do not mean that he would have accepted such an appointment. On the contrary, I felt quite sure he would have declined to enter any cabinet with Blaine as a colleague. Nor do I wish it to be understood that Conkling, in his long oration to me, uttered a word which would justify my suspicion. It was his manner, not his words. He seemed all the time suppressing something he would like to have spoken of; but this is only my surmise. What was unmistakable was, that he expected General Garfield would have asked him, at least, what cabinet position would satisfy New York, and would have shown some desire to please him (Conkling), who, with General Grant, had done so much for the success of the ticket. A few months before, when Conkling and Grant were at Mentor, the presidential candidate had hailed the senator as his savior and had declared that whatever man could do for man that would he do for Conkling. Now what Conkling desired, but would not ask for in so many words, was the appointment of some friendly New York man as secretary of the treasury. The battle had been fought and won—there was no longer need of promises; rather the other way—it seemed a good time to forget and break them; yea, even to insult men, said Conkling, whose efforts chiefly had won the fight. What else could Garfield's allusions mean, Conkling asked me, if not that Folger was a man unfit for a cabinet position; and yet no sooner had Conkling left Mentor than Garfield proceeded to summon Folger, by telegraph, to a confidential conference, and offered him the post of attorney-general in his cabinet. Folger positively declined.

"Was it only to find out what I would like," exclaimed Conkling, bitterly, "and then do just the opposite, that this man Garfield called me to Mentor? Was it only to make his indifference to my wishes more marked that he summoned Folger, whose character he had impugned, the moment my back was turned, to offer him an office lesser in dignity than that which I had said New York was entitled to?"

It would be impossible to remember all that Conkling communicated to me, in this curious oration, about his barren visit to Mentor, especially as some of my notes have been mislaid, but I recall distinctly that the senator declared that he had told Garfield he would not like the Navy Department to be offered to New York, and that yet, notwithstanding that fact, Garfield, only a few days before his inauguration, when his cabinet was practically agreed upon, asked Morton to accept the post of secretary of the navy.

Morton, who was most anxious for recognition, and especially covetous of a cabinet position, accepted the offer at once. It was during his term as congressman from New York, when he kept house in Washington. Conkling heard of the thing and became furious. He telegraphed Mr. Platt in New York that "our unwise friend is making a great deal of trouble for us," meaning Morton, and he consulted at once with Arthur and John H. Starin. The latter was asked to go to Morton, remonstrate with him, and make him realize that, if he accepted, it would ruin all their plans, and especially defeat the pet scheme for the capture of the Treasury Department.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

WATSON'S MAGAZINE FULL OF HORSE SENSE.

Dear Sir: Tom Watson's Magazine contains more sound principles and good common horse sense, (just what the people need) than any other paper published in the United States, and I wish you would answer the following questions, to-wit:

(1) Does it not look like the North, East and West are determined to adhere to their hellish reconstruction policy to the end of time?

(2) What material difference does it make to Georgia, or the Common people in her limits whether she has six or eleven representatives in Congress?

(3) Is it not true that the only material benefit in being represented at all in these times, accrues to the fellow who draws the five or six thousand salary annually?

(4) Is it not true that the Northern, Eastern and Western Democrats vote as a unit with the Republicans whenever any question affects the South is the issue?

(5) Why is it that the Southern Democrats do not stand as a unit and vote for whatever is best for the whole country, regardless of party, and thereby hold the balance of power in the Government?

(6) How can the North, East and West be convinced and made to understand that the negro lives in the South, is part of the South, and that the white people of the South are going to say and dictate what the negro's political and social status shall be while he remains in the South?

(7) Are there not thousands of white people in every State of the Union who are as incompetent to cast a vote intelligently as the negro is, and why not reduce the representatives in Congress from each State accordingly?

Milledgeville, Ga.

Answer:

My opinion is that a majority of the people of the North, East and West have become satisfied to let the South exercise the same right to settle her domestic affairs that they practice in settling theirs.

Only a minority—some members of which try to make up in noise what it lacks in numbers—cling to the old prejudices, passions, and policy of interference. Mr. Ernest Crosby—a hot partisan for negro rights—has recently published a "Life of Garrison," and very boldly admits that while Slavery was wrong the war which was waged upon the South was also wrong.

Twenty years ago such a statement would have drawn volleys of protest from the North, the East and the West.

There are no protests now; and I shouldn't wonder if a majority of the intelligent people of those sections would admit that while Slavery was a normal wrong, that it had been practiced by both sections, given a solemn Constitutional sanction as a condition precedent to the Union, that the South had a right to withdraw from a voluntary compact whose terms had not been kept, and that the war which was made upon her to force her back into the Union was a colossal mistake and wrong.

(2) None whatever.

(3) It is.

(4) If it is a question where sectional interest or feeling is aroused—yes.

(5) Because of the tyranny of party name and party organization. Southern Democrats dare not vote independently.

(6) I think they begin to understand it. The more they see of the negro in Mass, the better they will realize our problem. As long as they seem to think that all the Southern negroes are as nice and wise as Booker Washington, they will, of course, find it difficult to get our point of view of the race question. But they will gradually come to see that there is only one Booker Washington and that he isn't doing anything more than running a large school which any ordinary white College President could run on one-half the money which Doctor Washington rakes in—why opinion will change. The doings of the negroes in San Domingo—where there are no mean Southern whites to beat, cheat, or lynch them—will also have influence in opening the eyes of the world as to what the negro, in Mass, actually is.

The idea that the negro is merely a white gentleman whom the Almighty inadvertently painted black will disappear, in time.

(7) The "suppressed vote" in some of the States of the Union appears to be quite large and the number of illiterate, criminal and incompetent voters is likewise great. A square deal would demand that whatever rule is applied to the South should be applied to the others.

T. E. W.

DOESN'T EXACTLY KNOW WHAT MAGAZINE AIMS AT.

Dear Sir: I received your Magazine. I don't know exactly what it is you propose. It is perhaps the dull apprehension of an old hayseed from down at the fork of the Creek.

(1) Is the money you propose for the Government to issue to be redeemable Treasury Notes, or is it to be absolute Fiat money?

(2) Do you propose the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at 16 to 1? If not at that ratio, what ratio do you propose?

(3) Is it not a fact that from 1792 to 1834 we were practically on the silver standard and that after 1834 we were practically on the gold standard, and that this change was the effect of the change of ratio, made by the act of 1834? Why was it that in 1853 the Government coined fractional silver of lighter weight in proportion to value than the standard dollar?

(4) You claim for the Government the power to create money. If that be so, why clamor for gold and silver only? Let us suppose that the United States Treasury is now full of such money as you propose, Gold, Silver or Fiat. I want some of it. How am I to get it?

I agree with you heartily that the making of our Federal Government is all out of joint, and I think that it is the unwarranted meddling with affairs over which it has no rightful control. The remedy, as I think, is not in enlarging and extending its powers, for every step taken in that direction makes worse conditions possible. Let us say to her in plain language: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. Get back to the track marked out for you and stay there."

What is here written is in all honesty and in a controversial spirit and should you see fit to refer to them, I will be glad to have the number.

I am not a subscriber now. May be soon. Best wishes.

Cooledge, Texas.

Answer:

(1) Money that is "redeemable" in other money is not my idea of money. A dollar is not redeemed by swapping another dollar for it. The only redemption of the dollar which amounts to anything beneficial is when a debt, public or private, is redeemed by paying it off in legal tender. I redeem my promissory note by paying the amount of money it calls for: I redeem all my other dues and debts in the same way. Nothing is redeemed when a gold dollar is given for a silver dollar, or a metallic dollar exchanged for a paper dollar. That method of fooling the people will go out of fashion as the people become educated. All money is absolute fiat money. That is, the law makes the money. God made no money. Nature made no money. Evolution made no money. The law takes raw material and makes money out of it, just as the lumberman takes a log and makes plank or shingles out of it.

The Government fiat makes gold money, makes silver money, makes nickel money, makes copper money. It would with equal ease and certainty make iron or paper money.

Whenever the law says that a paper dollar shall go just as far, as a legal tender, as the gold dollar goes, the paper will suit me and you just as well as the gold.

(2) Yes.

(3) No. See page 275, January issue of this Magazine.

(4) I do not clamor for gold and silver only. We demand the money of the Constitution which has been taken away from us by venal Congressmen who were bribed by Wall Street and the European financiers.

How could you get some of the fiat money?

This is but another form of the old question of getting the paper money into circulation.

There are several ways.

(1) The Government could pay off the National debt.

(2) The Government could build new railroads, or buy those already built.

(3) The Government could pay current expenses with it.

(4) Could build the Panama Canal with it.

(5) Could establish a Department which would lend it to the people, direct, at a low interest, as is done in Europe.

In Norway and Sweden the Government lends money to the farmers on their land, on long time, at low interest. These banks have been most beneficial and successful.

Always on Guard

No matter where a ship may be along the American coast; no matter how dark, or cold, or stormy the night, the coast guard is on watch, patrolling the nearest beach or rocky cliffs.

This man, always on guard, could, by his own unsupported efforts, do little to save life, or to guide ships away from perilous points.

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In Germany the Government bank lends money on land security, directly to the land-owner.

In Greece, the farmers can get money from the Government banks.

In Great Britain, the Government lends money to the citizen to buy land.

The only reason in the world why our people cannot secure similar advantages, is that we are cruelly oppressed by corporation tyranny and greed.

T. E. W.

A MEMBER OF THE OLD GUARD ASKS SOME QUESTIONS.

Dear Sir: I am a reader of your Magazine and am highly entertained by its editorials especially, also by its Educational Department. As a member of the Old Guard I take the liberty to ask you a few questions in the line of Populism.

(1) Does England call her navy to a certain point from thousands of miles distant to fire a salute on George Washington's Birthday, or that of any of our noted Presidents, as we did eighteen vessels a month ago for King Edward? How ridiculous for a republic!

(2) Why has not the Census of 1900 been given to the public, as were former ones, within two years after being taken? It was the disclosures of the 1890 Census that tripled the Populist vote in '02.

(3) Has the $900,000,000 of farm mortgage indebtedness been increased or diminished in the ten years following 1890?

(4) Are the free holdings of the people increasing on a ratio with the increase of population in these U. S.?

Yours very truly,
Gilmore City, Mo.

Answer:

(1) No.

(2) You can get the Census Reports of 1900, by spurring up your Congressman.

(3) The "encumbered" homes show an increase, as do the "hired" homes.

(4) No. Concentration of wealth in the hands of a few goes on at a more frightful rate than ever. Five thousand men now own one-sixth of the entire wealth of the Union. One man, J. D. Rockefeller, could buy the State of Georgia, give it away, and then have enough to buy it back.

T. E. W.

FARRAGUT AT NEW ORLEANS. BRYAN AND THE TREATY OF PARIS. THE FATE OF REFORMERS.

Dear Sir: If you will, in an early issue of your Magazine, answer the three questions below, you will make me very greatly your debtor.

1st. Is it true? The statement found in Photographic History of the Civil War, advertised by J. Wanamaker, that in the capture of New Orleans, "Farragut vanquished a Confederate force three times as strong as his own."

2nd. Did W. J. Bryan vote for the rati-

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fication of our Treaty with Spain, whereby we acquired the Philippines?

3rd. Why is it, that so many people express as much sympathy for you on account of the persecution to which you are being subjected, and yet, won't go so far in a substantial way, as to even subscribe for your Magazine? When I saw an account of your arrest, I read it to two very devout Baptists, and they both said it was an outrage, and that the people ought to back you up with money, and muscle if necessary, but when I told them that I thought so too, as far as the financial feature went, and was going to put it into practice by sending you the price of a year's subscription, and proposed to send theirs along with my own, saving them the expense of exchange, they said, "I'll see about it." They haven't subscribed yet. But I get a good deal of pleasure out of lending them my copy of the Magazine.

Thanking you in advance, and with wishes for your pleasure and prosperity, I am,

Your friend and admirer,

Sterling, Texas. R. B. CUMMINS.

Answer:

(1.) It is not true.

(2.) Mr. W. J. Bryan was not a member of Congress at the time the Treaty you refer to was ratified by the U. S. Senate.

He had opposed the war with Spain, but after the Hearst papers and other jingo publications had worked the country up into a fever heat against Spanish atrocities in Cuba, and President McKinley had been weak enough to yield to the pressure, Mr. W. J. Bryan jumped onto the band-wagon, jonrneyed to the White House, and in a spectacular, grand-stand manner, tendered his military powers to the Federal Government.

President McKinley had no other recourse than to accept the tendered valor of the war-like volunteer; accordingly Mr. Bryan was appointed Colonel, a regiment

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was raised, and a Lieutenant-Colonel discovered who knew how to drill it.

Bryan never did learn how to drill his regiment. He and his troops were stationed at Tampa, Florida: there they sweated and worried, the sounds of war being afar off; Bryan's activities were narrowed to the making of after-dinner speeches. He grew exceedingly tired of this.

The country was forgetting him; it irked his noble soul to realize that Roosevelt and others were harvesting all the glory and that he himself was occupying a somewhat ludicrous position.

Therefore, when the diplomats at the Paris conference proposed that the taxpayers of America should pay the Spanish bond-holders $20,000,000 for the territory which our troops and our marines had already conquered, Mr. Bryan saw his opportunity to vault back into the public eye.

Clad in his unsoiled uniform, he left Tampa, journeyed to Washington City and exerted all of his influence to secure enough Dem cratic votes in the Senate to make it possible for the Republicans to put the infamous Treaty of Paris into effect.

In other words, he took advantage of his position as the official head of the Democratic party, to lend the Republicans the votes they needed.

Senator Clay, of Georgia, was one of those who was seduced by Bryan on that occasion.

A few days before the death of the Senator, I was his guest in his home at Marietta, Ga.; he was rather melancholy with the shades of the setting sun upon him, and as we discussed his public career, he mentioned this vote of his, in favor of the Treaty of Paris, as the greatest mistake he had made.

Had it not been for Bryan's officious inter-meddling at that crisis, we would not now be burdened by an imperial policy, both at home and abroad.

The amount of blood which has been shed in the conflict between American soldiers and native Filipinos is greater, beyond all comparison, than that which the Spaniards had caused to be shed in Cuba, and perhaps the worst feature of it all is that the main purpose of our immensely

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expensive military establishment in the Islands is, to support the pope's power among the natives.

(3.) The infirmity of human nature, is the explanation.

The fate of reformers has ever been a hard one; their strongest opposition has often come from those whom they wished to benefit; their characters and their achievements, as a rule, are not appreciated until they have passed off the stage.

"Give us Barrabas," is the cry today, as it was nineteen hundred and thirteen years ago.

Look over the field of politics, for instance, and note the character of men who get the offices.

People look at our Legislatures and our Congresses, and they exclaim as they size up the average representative, "How on earth do such men get elected?"

The answer is simple: they get elected by playing to the passions and the prejudices of the lowest type of humanity; they use methods which no gentleman would stoop to use, therefore the gentleman too often remains in private life, and the State loses the benefit of his talent, while the low demagogue, vote-buyer, and whiskey distributor passes by in his car of triumph.

He has paid more to get the office than the salary amounts to, and in order to make a profit out of the deal, he must sell himself to the specially privileged, just as the poor, deceived voters sold themselves to him. T. E. W.

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A LARGER VIEW.

After the tramp had got over the wall, just in time to escape the bulldog, the woman of the house called after him:

"What are you doing here?"

"Madam," replied the dignified vagrant, "I did intend to request something to eat; but all I ask now is that in the interest of humanity you will feed that canine."

AN ALTERNATIVE.

A German was seated by the bedside of his dying wife, clasping her hand tenderly. He looked at her for a few moments in deep meditation, then murmured, piously:

"If it pleases the good God to take one of us, I shall go to Berlin."—Harper's Monthly.

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"Is Mr. Thompson at home?"

"No; he has gone to town."

"I am very sorry, as I would have liked to talk to him."

"Is there anything I can tell him for you?"

"My name is Williams, candidate for sheriff, and I wanted to exact a promise from him to vote for me at the coming election.'

"Oh, that will be all right. I know he will promise, for he has already promised four other candidates the same thing."

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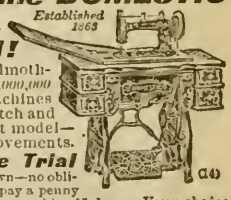

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